

CIRCUS ANIMAL STORIES

SNARLIE  
THE TIGER



Howard R. Garis





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## CIRCUS ANIMAL STORIES

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Snarlie, the Tiger

Woo-Uff, the Lion

Humpo, the Camel

Umboo, the Elephant

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*SNARLIE, THE TIGER*

OCT 24 1916











Circus Animal Stories

# Snarlie the Tiger

BY

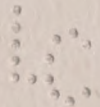
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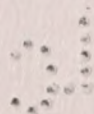
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## CONTENTS

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CHAPTER	PAGE
I. Snarlie's First Home.....	9
II. How Snarlie Played.....	23
III. How Snarlie was Caught.....	36
IV. Snarlie and the Princess.....	50
V. Snarlie in the Palace.....	65
VI. How Snarlie Ran Away.....	73
VII. In the Jungle Again.....	84
VIII. Caught Once More.....	93
IX. Snarlie's Long Trip.....	106
X. In the Circus.....	114
XI. Learning Some Tricks.....	128
XII. The Big Ball.....	139
XIII. Snarlie is Unhappy.....	147
XIV. The Wind Storm.....	160
XV. Snarlie is Happy.....	169







# Snarlie the Tiger

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## CHAPTER I

### SNARLIE'S FIRST HOME

SNARLIE, the beautifully striped tiger, walked up and down in his circus wagon cage. Up and down he walked, turning when he reached one end, and going back to the other. Now and then he would push to the side a great bone he had been gnawing.

"What is the matter, Snarlie?" asked Woo-Uff, the big lion, who lived in the next cage. "Why do you walk up and down so much? Why don't you go to sleep in one corner of your cage, as I am going to do in mine? Can't you keep quiet?"

"Yes," added Humpo, the camel, who was chewing his hay in one corner of the circus tent. "You should go to sleep, Snarlie."



“Go to sleep!” cried the striped animal, drawing back his lips, and showing his sharp, white teeth. “Who could go to sleep, I’d like to know, with crowds of people—men and women, boys and girls—coming to stare in your cage all day long? Who could?”

“Why, the people who come to the circus like to look at the animals. You must get used to that,” said Woo-Uff, the big lion, in his deep, rumbling voice. “I have been in the circus many years now, and I do not mind the boys and girls in the least.”

“Well, the *girls* are not so bad,” spoke Snarlie, as he stood in the front of his cage, and looked out between the bars. “But the *boys* throw peanuts in at me. Bah! As if I could eat peanuts!”

“Peanuts! Who spoke of peanuts?” asked Umboo, the big elephant, as he swayed back and forth, his leg-chains clanking as he moved. “Who said peanuts?”

“Snarlie says he doesn’t like the boys to throw them in his cage,” answered Horni, the rhinoceros.

“Ha! Ha!” laughed Umboo, through his



long trunk of a nose. "Give me all the peanuts you don't want, Snarlie. I shall be glad to get them."

"You are welcome to them, for all of me," spoke Snarlie, in a sort of grumbling, growling voice.

"What seems to be the matter of you, Snarlie?" asked Nabbo, the baboon. "You don't seem at all happy."

"I'm not," answered Snarlie. "I'm tired of being in the circus. I don't like it here, to be shut up in a cage. It isn't like where I used to live, in a jungle cave, with my father and mother."

"I had a brother and a sister, too. Oh! how I wish I were back there in the jungle again, so I could run about as I pleased, up and down the mountain; and crawl under the thick, green vines, drinking, when I was thirsty, from the pool in the forest."

"Did you used to live in the jungle?" asked Humpo, the camel, walking slowly over to the tiger's cage, for Humpo was not chained fast.

"Yes, the jungle was my first home," answered Snarlie. "That's where I lived."



“So did I,” said the big elephant. “My jungle was in India.”

“That’s where mine was!” cried Snarlie, smiling a little, in the way tigers do. “Isn’t it nice that we came from the same place!”

“I thought you elephants came from Africa,” said Humpo.

“Some of us do,” spoke Umboo, “but I came from India. There are no tigers in Africa.”

“I should think the elephants there would be glad of it,” said Horni. “You tigers have such sharp claws that you might scratch and hurt them, though my skin is so thick you could not harm me.”

“Yes, my claws are sharp,” spoke Snarlie, “but I would never try to scratch an elephant if he did not hurt me. And I would never try to scratch you, Umboo, because you have been so kind to me. I do not forget how, when my cage was stuck in the muddy road, you put your big head against it, and pushed and pushed until you had pushed the wagon out. Many horses could not have done that, Umboo. You are very strong.”



“Well, I am, perhaps,” answered Umboo, but he did not say it at all proudly. “We elephants have always been strong,” he said, “just as you tigers have always had sharp claws. But, Snarlie, while we are in the tent here, waiting for the circus to move on, which it will do to-night, can’t you tell us something about the jungle where you used to live?”

“Yes, I suppose I could,” Snarlie answered, spreading out his claws, which were to him what your fingers are to you.

“Do then,” begged Humpo. “If you tell us the story of how you lived in the jungle, and how you came from there to live in a circus, we will enjoy it very much, and it will keep you quiet, perhaps. You will not walk up and down your cage so much. So lie down, and tell us the jungle story.”

“And when Snarlie has finished about *his* jungle, I will tell you about *mine*,” promised Umboo.

“And I, who used to live amid the rocks, near a great, sandy desert, on the edge of the jungle,



can also tell you some strange tales," spoke Woo-Uff, the lion.

"After Snarlie," remarked Horni, politely. "We shall listen to him first. Now, Snarlie, begin."

"All right, if it will plesae you," spoke Snarlie.

And this is the story the striped tiger told:

Once upon a time, not so very many years ago, there lived in a cave, on the side of a mountain, in an Indian jungle, a family of tigers. There was the papa tiger, whose name was Mr. Grabo, because he was always so good at grabbing, or getting, pieces of meat for his family to eat.

The mother tiger's name was Mrs. Chewo, because, when her baby tigers were growing up, and no longer liked to drink milk, she used to show them how to chew the tender bits of meat, which Papa Grabo would bring into the cave.

Then there were three little tigers, of whom Snarlie was one.

He was given that name because his voice was a sort of snarl. He did not mean to be cross; in



fact he was a very good little tiger kitten; but he was going to grow up to be a big, strong tiger, and, of course, he had to have a strong voice. So, even when he was little, he used to snarl and growl, which is a tiger's way of talking, just as mewling is a cat's way of speaking, and barking a dog's.

Besides Snarlie there was Whino, a little girl tiger, and Scratcho, who was Snarlie's brother. Scratcho had very strong and sharp claws, even when very little, and he used to scratch bits of bark, and splinters of wood off jungle trees. So he was given the name of Scratcho.

The tigers' house, or home, was a cave—or big hole—in among the rocks. It was on the side of a big hill, called a mountain. Up above the cave grew great trees, and down below were more trees and tangled vines of green, which made the jungle.

In some places the jungle vines grew so thickly together that it would have been hard for even Umboo, the big elephant, to have pushed his way through. But Mr. Grabo, or Mrs. Chewo, the father and mother tigers, could



flatten themselves out, and wiggle along, just as your cat does when she crawls under a fence, and so they could easily make their way beneath the bushes.

“May we go off and crawl through the jungle?” asked Snarlie one day, when his father came back from hunting, and had brought some nice meat for dinner.

“Go off in the jungle? Oh, no indeed!” answered Mrs. Chewo, in her rumbly, though kind voice. “You tiger kittens are too little, yet, to go far away from the cave. You must stay here until you are larger and stronger.”

“What for?” asked Snarlie.

“Because hunter-men sometimes come to the jungle to catch little tigers and other animals,” answered Mrs. Chewo.

“What do the men do with little tigers?” asked Scratcho.

“They take them far away,” replied Mr. Grabo, “and the baby tigers never see their nice home, or their papa or mamma, any more. Now be good little tigers, and you may have some of this sweet, juicy meat I brought.”



Then Mrs. Chewo would strip off tender bits of the meat, and the little tigers would eat it, closing their eyes in delight because it tasted so good.

The cave-house where Snarlie lived with the others was just a hole in among the rocks. There were no windows to it, and only one door—the front. And the cave went far back under the rocks, where, on cold nights, the little tigers would cuddle up warmly between their father and mother.

For, though it is very hot during the day in the Indian jungle, it is cold at night; and a warm cave is a very good place to stay. On the floor of the cave were some soft, green branches and leaves, which made a nice bed for Snarlie, Whino and Scratcho.

Sometimes the little tigers would sleep in the cave during the day, and, sometimes they would go outside and stretch out in front, where the sun shone.

But always, before any of the little tigers were let out of the cave, Mr. Grabo, or Mrs. Chewo, would first look carefully on all sides.



“Why do you do that, mother?” Snarlie asked.

“To see if there is any danger,” answered the mother tiger. “Not far from here lives a big lion, and he does not like your father. The lion might chase you, and try to carry you away with him. I looked out to make sure that he was not around.

“I also wanted to see if there were any white or black hunters near by. There might have been some, for they are coming here more and more often every year.”

“What are hunters?” asked Scratcho.

“Men, with guns that make a loud noise like thunder,” said Mr. Grabo. “And the guns are not like the little pop-guns which the children of man play with. The hunters’ guns shoot a hard thing, like a stone. It is called a bullet, and it hurts very much when it hits you. Never stay when you see a hunter with a gun. Run as fast as you can.”

“I will,” promised Snarlie, and Scratcho and Whino said they would do the same.

Not far from the tigers’ cave was a jungle pool



of water, where the wild animals came at night to drink. They hardly ever went there in the day time, for fear the hunters might see them. But at night the lions, tigers, leopards and other beasts would come creeping amid the trees, and under the tangled vines, to the water-pool.

When the tigers went to drink Mr. Grabo walked ahead. Then came Snarlie, Whino and Scratcho. Behind them came Mrs. Chewo. The father and mother tigers took the very best care that no harm should happen to the tiger kittens, who were often very thirsty, and eager to get a drink at the jungle pool. After drinking, which followed their meals, they would go back to the cave and sleep all night.

Once, when going to the pool to drink in the evening, Snarlie thought he would play a little trick on Scratcho. So Snarlie turned back, slipped past Whino, and when Scratcho was not looking his brother put out his paw and tripped him.

“Ouch!” cried Scratcho, as he tumbled head over heels on the jungle path.



“What’s the matter? Did a snake bite you?” asked Mr. Grabo, turning around quickly.

“Or did you catch your paw in a trap?” asked Mrs. Chewo.

“No, but Snarlie tripped me,” said Scratcho.

“I was only playing,” Snarlie said.

“Don’t play near the water hole, where so many other animals are,” cautioned Mr. Grabo.

“It is all right to play near our cave, but not here. Hurry along now.”

A little while after that Scratcho, to play a trick on his brother, slipped up ahead and gave him a tap on the ear with his paw.

“Ouch! Stop that, please!” grumbled Snarlie.

“There those boys go again; cutting up!” said Mrs. Chewo.

“Yes, you must stop!” said Mr. Grabo, and he gave Scratcho and Snarlie a few taps with his tail to make them mind. But his tail was so soft that it did not hurt much.

Once in the night Snarlie was awakened by hearing a great rumbling noise.



"Father, what is that?" asked the little boy tiger. "Is that thunder?"

"No, it is not thunder, Snarlie."

"Is it a hunter's gun?"

"No, it is not a hunter's gun."

"Then what is it?" asked Scratcho, who had also awakened.

"It is a lion roaring," answered Mr. Grabo. "But do not be afraid. He will not come to our cave. If he does your mother and I will drive him away. For, though a lion can roar louder than can we tigers, still we are not afraid of him when we are in our cave. Go to sleep now."

Then the little tigers turned over on the soft leaves of their beds and went to sleep again.

One morning Mrs. Grabo sat up in the cave, and, after she had washed her face with her paws, just as your cat does, she awakened Snarlie, Scratcho and Whino.

"Come, little kittens," said the mother, "it is time you began to learn some lessons."

"Lessons?" asked Snarlie. "What are lessons?"

"Come outside, in front of the cave, and you



shall see," spoke Mrs. Chewo. "Come, Whino, Scratcho, Snarlie! It is time you began to learn."

So the little tiger kittens, stretching out first one paw and then the other, went out into the sunshine, on a big, flat rock in front of the cave-house.



## CHAPTER II

### HOW SNARLIE PLAYED

SNARLIE's mother walked slowly up to a tree, that grew near the front door of the cave, and, reaching up with her long paw, on the end of which were her sharp claws, she pulled down a long piece of meat that dangled from a low branch.

"Oh, look!" cried Whino. "I never knew that meat grew on trees."

"Nor I," said Scratcho.

"It doesn't," spoke Snarlie, with a laugh, for tigers and other animals can laugh and talk, only in their own way, of course. "I saw mother put that meat up in the tree last night."

"Why did she do it?" asked Whino.

"I don't know," answered Scratcho.

"I will tell you," said Mrs. Chewo. "It was



so that if any animals came along they would not get this piece of meat.

“Of course, if another tiger happened to pass, it could climb a tree and take away the meat I hid. But there are no other tigers near here, and lions cannot climb trees, though they might jump up in one. However I did not think any lions would pass here, or I would have taken the meat in the cave with me.

“But it was cooler out here, so I left it, and by putting it up in the tree I knew no animals, except those that could climb, could get it.

“So that is the first lesson you have to learn. If you want to save a bit of meat, put it high up in a tree, and very few animals can get it. Now for another lesson.”

Mrs. Chewo stuck her sharp claws in one end of the meat, and began to drag it over the ground.

“Now, Snarlie,” she called, “you take your turn first. See if you can get this piece of meat when I am pulling it along.”

“Oh, that will be easy,” said Snarlie. “Just you watch me.”



He crouched down low, with his four legs under him, and his long tail switching from side to side, just as your kitten does when she is playing with a spool of thread which you may drag across the floor.

All the while Mrs. Chewo was pulling the piece of meat along. Snarlie watched it, and when he thought it was just the right distance away for him to get it, he gave a jump through the air, and came down with all his claws spread out, ready to dig them in the piece of meat.

“Ha! See how easy it is!” he cried.

But something was the matter. For instead of landing on the nice piece of meat, which smelled very good to hungry Snarlie, he came down on the ground, and hurt his claws.

“Why, where did that meat go?” he asked, looking around in surprise.

Scratcho and Whino, the other two tiger kittens, were laughing at their brother. Mrs. Chewo was laughing also. And there, on the other side of her, was the piece of meat. Snarlie had not even touched it!

“What happened?” he asked.



“Why, I just pulled the meat away, suddenly, when you jumped,” said his mother. “I wanted to see if you would be quick enough to get it. Now try again, and watch carefully.”

Once more she pulled the meat slowly across the ground. Snarlie crouched down as before, his tail switching, and again he gave a spring up in the air and came down.

“Now, surely I will have that meat!” he said.

But, no. When he looked, there the meat was once more on the other side of his mother, who was laughing at him.

“You must be quicker, Snarlie,” she said. “Remember this is a lesson to you, though it may seem like fun. When you little ones grow up to be big tigers you will have to be very quick in your jumping, or when you go out to hunt for fresh meat for yourselves, and you see some animal that is good for you to eat, if you do not quickly leap on it, why, it will get away from you. Just as I pulled the strip of meat away now. Try again, Snarlie.”

Once more Snarlie jumped. This time he watched his mother very carefully, and he no-



ticed that, just as he was about to give his jump, that his mother's paw moved very quickly, jerking the meat away.

And then Snarlie did a very smart little trick.

He gave himself a sort of shake, all over, just as if he were going to jump, and away his mother whisked the meat, over to her other side. Only, Snarlie did not jump until the meat had come to a stop.

Then he gave a real jump, not a make-believe one, and he came down beside his mother, right on top of the meat, into which he stuck his claws so it could not be pulled away.

"Good, Snarlie! Good!" cried his mother. "That is the time I did not fool you. Instead, you fooled me and got the meat. That is what I like to see. It shows that you know how to be quick. Now I will give you a little piece of the meat to eat, and we will let Scratcho try, and see how well he can jump."

Taking his piece of meat Snarlie went over to lie down in the shade to eat it.

"Come, Scratcho, it's your turn!" called his mother.



The other tiger kitten came up, stretching himself.

“Just you watch how soon I can grab it,” he told his sister Whino. “I won’t be fooled as Snarlie was.”

But the same thing happened to Scratcho that had happened to Snarlie. When he jumped for the piece of meat it was not there, for his mother pulled it away. Then Scratcho tried the same trick that Snarlie had tried, but Mrs. Chewo was still too quick for him.

“Oh, I’ll never get the meat,” said Scratcho. “I can’t jump fast enough.”

“But you must learn,” his father said, as he came back from a walk in the jungle. “You will never be a good tiger, able to go after your own food, until you can jump on something that moves. Now try again.”

This time Scratcho did better. He managed to touch the end of the meat with his claws as his mother quickly dragged it to one side.

“That is pretty good,” she said, “but you must do better. Try once more.”

Scratcho did, and this time he landed right on



top of the meat with all four paws, the claws sticking out sharply.

“Good!” cried Mr. Grabo, who was watching from the doorway of the cave. “That’s the way to jump!”

“And you shall have a nice bit of the meat for yourself, Scratcho,” said Mrs. Chewo. “Then it will be Whino’s turn.”

While the two little boy tiger kittens were chewing the sweet meat in the shade, Whino took her lesson. She was quicker than either of her brothers, and when she had made three jumps she caught the meat her mother was jerking across the ground. Then Whino had her treat.

“You did very well, children,” said the tiger mother, after a bit, “but now let me show you how I do it. Papa, you drag the meat for me, and I will see if I can get it,” she said.

Mr. Grabo took a piece of the meat he had brought back from the jungle with him, and dragged it over the flat rock in front of the cave. And, though he dragged it very quickly indeed, and though it was a long way off from where



Mrs. Chewo crouched, her tail switching from side to side, the orange and black striped tiger mother gave one big leap through the air. What a picture of savage beauty she was, as the jungle sun shone on her!

And though Mr. Grabo, the big man tiger tried to pull the meat out of her way he could not. Straight down on it landed the mother tiger, and she bit her sharp teeth in it.

"Ha!" cried Mr. Grabo. "I did not fool you that time!"

"No, indeed!" answered the mother tiger. "I was too quick for you!"

"Mother," asked Snarlie, as he sat up on his hind paws, "shall we ever be able to jump like that?"

"Indeed you will," replied the tiger lady. "When I was as little as you I could jump no better than you can. But I kept practicing my jumping and leaping lessons until now I am called a very good jumper indeed," and Mrs. Chewo was not speaking proudly, either.

"Your mother is certainly a good jumper," said Mr. Grabo. "If that had been a real ani-



mal running along, instead of just a piece of meat that I was pulling, she would have caught it."

"And in the jungle it is very needful to catch what you jump for," said Mrs. Chewo. "For if you jump, and miss, you may not get another chance. So, children, learn to get what you go after. Now we will have another lesson. You pull the meat for them, father," she said to the man tiger.

"Oh, I'm tired of jumping, I want to play," Snarlie said. "I want to have some fun."

His mother and father looked at him.

"Why!" exclaimed Mr. Grabo, "fun is all right, of course, and you will have plenty of time to play later on. But now you must learn how to jump and grab pieces of meat. Otherwise, when you grow up to big tigers you will, many times, go hungry. Even if you are tired, when you live in the jungle you must learn to hunt. You will not always have your mother, or me, to bring meat to you. Come now, more jumps!"

So, whether or not he liked it, Snarlie had to leap through the air after the piece of meat



which his father pulled across the ground in front of him.

Just as your kitten crouches and leaps after a piece of paper you may tie to a string and pull across the room, so Snarlie, Scratcho and Whino jumped.

And they did not find it as easy as when their mother had been teaching them. For Mr. Grabo pulled the meat very quickly indeed, so that even Snarlie, who was the best jumper of the three, often came down on the ground instead of on the meat.

“But now you have had enough lessons for to-day,” said the father tiger, after a while. “You may have some fun now. Play in front of the cave, but do not go far away.”

So Snarlie and his brother and sister played. And though they were wild and savage tiger kittens, they played in much the same way that your kittens or dogs do. They tumbled about on the ground, sometimes turning somersaults over one another, sometimes standing up on their hind legs, as if wrestling, and again run-



ning and leaping over logs and stones, one chasing the other as though playing tag.

Again one little tiger kitten would hide behind a big stone, and the others would look for him. Then the hidden one would peek out, and as the others came along he would cuff them with his paw.

And when Snarlie cuffed, or playfully struck, his brother or sister with his paw, he was always careful not to let the claws stick out. For the claws of a cat or tiger, or other animals like cats, can be stuck out of their paws, or drawn back as they please. A dog cannot draw his claws in, out of the way. His claws stick out all the while, and when he runs along the sidewalk they make a funny little pitter-patter, clicking-clacking sound.

“Is that all you did in your jungle—play?” asked Humpo, the camel, of Snarlie, when the tiger stretched himself in his cage, having told thus far in his story.

“No, indeed,” was the answer. “We did many other things. We learned to jump, and



how to follow along the jungle trail when we smelled something good to eat.

“We learned how to go so softly along the paths between the trees, and under the green vines that no one could hear us. We could hardly, ourselves, hear the noise our padded paws made. We had to go softly so we could not let the other animals hear us.”

“What else did you do?” asked Umboo, the elephant.

“Oh, we learned how to steal quietly down in the moonlight to the jungle pool to get drinks of water. But even with all we learned it was not enough. Some black animals living in the jungle called men, were smarter than we tigers. One of them caught me as I went to the pool to drink one night.”

“Caught you? How?” asked Woo-Uff, the lion. “I was caught myself, but, perhaps, not as you were. Tell us about that.”

“Yes, tell us,” begged the camel, as he made his hump shiver, for a fly was tickling him.

But, just as Snarlie was about to keep on with his story, men began to take down the circus tent,



and horses were hitched to the animal cages to draw them to the train, so they could be hauled to the next city where the show was to be given.

“ I will tell more of my story to-morrow,” said Snarlie. “ I am going to sleep now.”

Then he curled himself up in a corner of his cage, and went to sleep. He had learned to slumber even when his cage was moving.

“ I wish to-morrow would hurry and come,” said Horni, the rhinoceros. “ I want to hear the rest of Snarlie’s story.”

“ So do I,” spoke Umboo, the elephant.



## CHAPTER III

### HOW SNARLIE WAS CAUGHT

“BOO-URR-WUFF!” roared the circus lion in his cage. “Boo-urr-uff!”

“What’s the matter? Has anything happened? Has the train run off the track?” asked Nabbo, the blue-faced baboon, who rode on the same car with Woo-Uff.

“No, but it is morning, and I am hungry. I want my breakfast,” answered the lion. “The train has stopped. The circus is at another city, and pretty soon we shall be unloaded, I think.”

And, in a little while, the cages were rolled down off the flat cars, and horses, hitched to them, pulled them to the circus lot. There were many small boys on the lot, waiting to see the men put up the tent.

When the tent was up the animal cages were put in a big circle inside of it. Then men came around with hay for the elephants, the horses and the camels.



“Ah! How good that hay smells!” cried Humpo.

“It doesn’t smell good to me,” said Snarlie, the tiger. “I want to smell meat!”

“So do I,” said Woo-Uff, the lion. “And I think they are bringing us our meat-breakfast now.”

“I hope so,” said Snarlie, rising up on his hind legs, and resting his front paws against the end of his cage, so he could look far down the tent. “Yes, the men are bringing meat,” he said.

“Good!” roared the lion. “And after breakfast, will you tell us the rest of your story, Snarlie?”

“Yes,” answered the tiger.

And so, the animals having eaten, Snarlie told them more about himself.

For about two years Snarlie, Scratcho and Whino lived with their mother and father in the jungle cave. The little tiger kittens were growing every day, and now, after two years, they were nearly full grown. Of course, they would get stronger and bigger than they were, but they



were now quite able to look out for themselves.

They had practiced jumping until they could leap almost as far and as well as their father and mother. They had learned to hunt for themselves, catching other animals that tigers have to live on in the jungle. Just as your kitten learns to catch a running mouse, by first learning to leap after a moving piece of paper, so the little tiger kittens learned to leap after living things.

Snarlie was allowed to go farther away from the cave now, to hunt for himself. Sometimes he went with his brother or sister, but more often alone. For two tigers, going through the jungle together make more noise than one. And when a tiger is hunting he must make very little noise.

One day, in the jungle cave, Snarlie's mother said:

"Now, little tigers, I think it is time to see what you can do for yourselves. I call you 'little tigers,' for I love to think of you as when you were just like little kittens, though you are now quite big. So go forth into the jungle and see what you can find to eat. Bring some meat



home to father and me. We are hungry, and though we could go out and get something for ourselves, we want to see what *you* can do."

"I will bring home a little goat," said Whino, stretching out her sharp claws.

"And I will bring home a little calf," said Scratcho. "I know where there are some nice fat ones who are tied near a black man's garden, down in the valley."

"Very well," said his mother, "but be careful to see that the black man has no gun to shoot you."

"He will not shoot. He is afraid of me," said Scratcho. "I was down near his place the other evening, and when I growled the black man was afraid, and ran in his hut."

"What are you going to bring home to the cave, Snarlie?" asked his father.

"A big buffalo," answered Snarlie. "I know where a herd of them are sleeping in the swamp."

"Be careful that a buffalo does not tickle you with his sharp horns," said Mr. Grabo. "Once I was trying to catch one, and I thought it would be easy. But it was not. The buffalo turned on



me, and I got such a scratch in my side from his sharp horn-tip that I can sometimes feel it yet.

“It is well for a boy tiger to be brave and to want to get a buffalo but you must also be careful,” said Mr. Grabo.

“I’ll be careful,” promised Snarlie.

So the three tigers, little kittens no longer, but almost full grown, just as a cat is full grown, started off through the jungle. Snarlie went one way, Scratcho another and Whino, the girl tiger, a third way. For there were many paths through the jungle—paths that only the wild animals knew.

And now we shall see what happened to Snarlie.

Snarlie was a beautiful tiger, that is, if you call a tiger beautiful, as I do. He was about eight feet long, from the tip of his nose to the tip of his switching, twitching tail, which was hardly ever still, even when he was asleep. And Snarlie’s fur was marked with stripes and spots of black, or very dark brown; while in between them his fur was a dark orange, or yellow, in color. Yes, Snarlie was a very beautiful tiger.



At least so thought Singa Dhu, a black man, or Indian, who, passing along a jungle trail, happened to see Snarlie. Singa Dhu was a hunter of wild animals. He did not shoot them with a gun. Instead he trapped them for the rich kings and princes of India.

Some of the kings wanted elephants, others lions, some leopards and a few, tigers. They liked to keep these wild animals in cages to show to their friends.

The elephants were easily tamed, and made to pull heavy loads, or carry logs on their tusks, or in their trunks. And sometimes the lions, leopards or tigers were tamed. But this was nearly always done when they were caught as baby kittens, and did not remember much of their wild, jungle life.

“ Ah, there goes a fine tiger! ” thought Singa Dhu, as he caught a glimpse of Snarlie slinking through the jungle. “ If I could catch him alive I could sell him for much money. I must try.”

Singa Dhu was almost as good at going quietly through the jungle as were the tigers



themselves. The Indian hunter made very little noise. He lifted up one bare foot after the other, and set them carefully down on the hard path, so that a wild animal's padded foot was scarcely more gentle.

"I will find out where that tiger comes to drink," said Singa Dhu to himself, "and there I will set a trap for him. When I catch him I will be kind to him, and try to tame him. A tame tiger, as large as he, will be worth much money."

The Indian hunter knew how to keep out of sight of Snarlie. But if the wind had been blowing from Singa Dhu to the tiger the animal would have smelled him. Like all wild animals, Snarlie had a very sharp nose. He could smell better than he could see, and much farther.

So along through the jungle went the Indian after the tiger, to learn which paths he took, and where was the best place to set the trap. And Snarlie never knew Singa Dhu was watching him. All Snarlie was thinking of was how to catch, and bring home, a big buffalo.

Carefully going along, the boy tiger came finally to the pool, or swamp, where the herd of



buffalos stayed during the hot day. Some of them had waded out into the water, so that only their noses were to be seen.

Others were nearer shore, or were lying down in the shade. Snarlie crept up closer, being careful to have the wind blowing from the buffalos to him. If it had blown from him to them they would have caught the wild animal smell, and have run away at once.

Snarlie crept up until he was quite close to a big buffalo, that was lying near the edge of the water.

"I shall jump on his back and get hold of him," thought the boy tiger. "Then I shall drag him to the cave. Father and mother will see that I am a good hunter."

Snarlie crouched for a spring, just as he had learned to do when his mother dragged the piece of meat in front of him. His tail switched from side to side. He was eager to leap.

"Here I go!" said Snarlie to himself, and he gave a great jump.

But, just as he did it one of the buffalos, out in the water, saw the leaping tiger.



“Run, brothers! Run!” snorted the watching buffalo. “It is a tiger!”

Up leaped all the buffalos in a great hurry. The one Snarlie was just going to jump on rolled to one side, for that was how he could best get out of the way.

Snarlie tried to hold himself back, but he was flying through the air. He saw that he was going to miss. And, instead of coming down on the buffalo, the tiger came down in the water.

“Splash!” went Snarlie into the swampy puddle, just as you might fall down on your way from school.

“Run, brothers! Run!” cried the watching buffalo, and they all quickly ran deeper into the jungle, out of sight.

“Oh dear! How unlucky I am!” thought Snarlie. “Now I shall have to run after them.”

He splashed and swam his way to shore. Snarlie, like most tigers, was not afraid of water, and he was a good swimmer, though he did not care so much for it as some animals do.

Across a narrow part of the swamp swam Snarlie, and, coming out on the other side, he











ran after the buffalos. Faster and faster he ran, until he could see them crashing through the trees and bushes.

And then, when the tiger was quite close, all of a sudden, a great, big buffalo, the last one of the herd, turned and faced Snarlie.

“What do you want?” asked the big bull buffalo.

“I want one of you to bring home to the cave for dinner,” answered Snarlie.

“Well, you’re not going to have one of us—not one!” grunted the buffalo. “Be off now, before I give you a dig in the ribs with my sharp horns.”

Snarlie growled. He crouched down ready to spring, but the buffalo lowered his head, and his horns pointed straight at Snarlie.

“If I jump now, I will land on those sharp points and be hurt,” thought the tiger. “I guess I had better wait. Perhaps, later on, I can get a smaller buffalo, who will not be so mean as to want to stick his horns in me.”

“Be off! Run away!” grunted the big buffalo, and Snarlie turned back on the jungle path.



He waited a while, and then kept on after the herd again. But, each time he came too near, the big buffalo would turn and point his horns at the tiger.

Finally Snarlie saw that he was getting too far away from his cave home.

"I must go back," he thought to himself. "Some other day I will get a buffalo."

On his way back Snarlie looked for some animal he might spring on, and catch, but he saw none. And he came home without anything to eat. But Scratcho had caught a fine calf, and Whino had a goat.

"Why, Snarlie, what happened to you?" asked his mother. "You are all wet!"

"I fell in the swamp while trying to jump on a buffalo. But he got away from me. Never mind, I shall catch one to-morrow," answered Snarlie.

The next day Snarlie set out again into the jungle to hunt. And once more Singa Dhu saw him. This time the Indian trapper of wild animals watched where Snarlie stopped to get a drink of water at the jungle pool.



“There is where I shall set my trap,” said Singa Dhu.

But, though Snarlie hunted all over he could find no buffalos this day. Nor could he find anything else, so he came back to the cave a second time without anything to eat, and he had to share what his brother and sister had caught.

“You must do better than this,” said Mr. Grabo. “You will never be a good hunter if you do not catch something, Snarlie.”

“I will surely get something to-day!” said Snarlie, when he started out the next morning.

Through the jungle crept the boy tiger. Now and then he lifted his head and sniffed the air. He was trying to find the smell of buffalo. But they seemed to have gone away. Then, all at once, Snarlie smelled something he knew was good to eat.

“It is not buffalo, but it is goat,” he said. “If I cannot catch a buffalo I must catch a goat. I’ll get this one!”

Snarlie walked around until the goat smell came more plainly to him, and the wind was blowing in his face. Then he knew the goat



could not smell him, for the wind was blowing toward the tiger. Nearer and nearer crept Snarlie. Now he could hear, through the trees, a voice crying:

“Baa-a! Baa-a! Baa-a!”

“That is the goat bleating,” whispered Snarlie. “This time I will not go back to the cave without something to eat.”

Nearer and nearer he crept. Now he could see the goat. It was a small one, and was fastened to a stake driven into the ground.

“Ha! It cannot get away from me now!” thought Snarlie.

The striped tiger crouched on the ground. His tail switched from side to side. His eyes glittered. Finally he gave a spring for the goat. He landed right on top of him, and rolled over, but before Snarlie could catch the goat in his claws something happened.

The tiger felt himself sinking down, as he had sunk down in the water. Only this time he went down more quickly. Right down he fell, through a pile of leaves and grass, and the next thing Snarlie knew he was fast in a big box. He



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had jumped into a cage when he jumped at the goat. The cage, sunk down in a hole in the ground, which hole was covered with leaves and grass, was right in front of the goat. The goat jumped to one side and was not caught, but Snarlie was.

“ Oh dear ! ” cried Snarlie. “ I’m caught in a trap ! The goat was put there on purpose to make me jump into a trap. What shall I do ? ”



## CHAPTER IV

### SNARLIE AND THE PRINCESS

SNARLIE had never been caught in a trap before. He had always been able to run and jump about, just as he pleased, either in his cave-home or in the big jungle. Now he was in a box, or cage, down in a hole in the ground. The box was made of small, round sticks of wood, but they were fastened so closely together that Snarlie could not get even a paw between them, to say nothing of his head.

“I must get out of here! I must get out!” cried Snarlie, and he growled and snarled and made all manner of queer noises deep down in his throat. And Snarlie did more than that. He jumped around, as well as he could in the cage. He struck at the bars with his paws, he clawed off splinters of wood and he bit and chewed the



sticks. But it was of no use. Though the tiger could break off some bits of wood, he could not break off enough to get out.

“ Oh, this is terrible! ” thought Snarlie, in his tiger way. “ I don’t know what to do. What will the folks in the cave think when I do not come home with something to eat? I surely thought I was going to get that nice, fat goat. But, instead, I am in a cage myself.”

Snarlie jumped around some more. He bit and scratched and clawed. But it was all of no use. He could not get loose. Then he heard a noise over his head. He looked up, toward the top of the hole in which his cage was, and he saw a black man looking down at him. It was the animal trapper, Singa Dhu, though Snarlie did not then know his name.

“ Ah ha! ” said Singa Dhu, looking down at the tiger. “ So I have caught you ; have I? But do not be afraid, pretty striped one. I am not going to hurt you. I will be kind to you, for I want you to become gentle and good. Then I can sell you for much money to those who may train you to do tricks. So be quiet. Do not



jump about so hard, for you cannot get out. I have made the cage good and strong."

Snarlie, of course, did not understand all that Singa Dhu said. But the tiger soon came to know that he could not get out of the cage. The more he jumped about the more he hurt himself. Once he bumped the end of his nose very hard. And the nose of a tiger is his most soft and tender place, just as it is in a bear, or other wild animal.

"Ouch!" exclaimed Snarlie to himself, as he felt the pain in his nose. "I won't do that again. I guess I'll lie down and think what is best to do. Maybe when that black man goes away I can get out."

So Snarlie lay down on the bottom of his cage. He was very tired from jumping about so much, and he was frightened, too. His heart was beating very fast.

"Ah, that is better," said Singa Dhu, as he once more looked down at the tiger. "Now I shall lift you out of the pit, and take you home with me. After a while you will be good, and I shall sell you."

Singa Dhu gave a loud call, and more black



men came running out of the jungle. They had been hiding in the bushes, but Snarlie had not seen them, nor had he seen Singa Dhu, for the boy tiger had been too anxious to get the goat. Had he been older he would have been more careful, and perhaps he would have smelled danger.

However, he was caught, and now he wondered what would next happen to him. Singa Dhu, with the men to help him, lifted the cage, with Snarlie in it, up out of the pit. Then they stuck long poles through it, and, putting them on their shoulders, they carried the tiger through the jungle.

Poor Snarlie looked between the bars of his cage. He could see the trees on either side of the jungle path. He could see the thick bushes, through which he used to creep when playing with Scratcho, his brother, and Whino, his sister. He could see, here and there, little pools of water, and now he was so thirsty that he wanted a drink very much.

On and on through the jungle Singa Dhu and his black men carried the tiger. Pretty soon



they came to a place where there were some houses made of tree branches, and big leaves. If you had seen them you would have, perhaps, thought them sort of playhouses, such as boys sometimes make in the woods. But they were real houses, in which lived Singa Dhu and his friends. They thought them very nice, and they were the best kind of a house for the jungle country, for they were shady and cool.

“Set Snarlie down here,” said Singa Dhu, and the men put the cage down in front of the houses, in an open place where the trees had been cut down. “Now I will give him water to drink, and meat to eat,” went on the black animal trapper. “He must be hungry and thirsty.”

Some meat was put in Snarlie’s cage, but at first he felt so badly at being caught that he would not even smell it. Then some water was put where he could get it. And because his tongue was so hot, and because he was so tired and thirsty, Snarlie could not help taking a drink. Oh! how good it tasted to him.

“Now eat the meat, little tiger,” said Singa



Dhu, in a kind voice. "Eat the meat and you will feel better."

Somehow, Snarlie felt that the black man was going to be kind to him, though the tiger had been told by his father and mother that all men were dangerous to wild animals, and that he must never go near them.

"But I am caught in the cage, and I can't get away from this man, so, I must eat," thought Snarlie, and so, going over to the piece of meat he began to chew it.

"It tasted good, too! Very good!" said Snarlie, when he was telling his story to the other animals in the circus tent.

"I guess it must have," said Woo-Uff, the lion. "I was caught in much the same way, and at first I would not eat. But, go on, Snarlie. Tell us what next happened to you."

And Snarlie told on.

When he had eaten the meat, and taken some more water, he felt better, even though he was in the cage. He stretched out, and he was so tired that he went to sleep. And when he awakened, at first, he could not remember where he was.



“Scratcho! Whino! Where are you?” Snarlie called to his brother and sister, thinking they must be somewhere about.

“Come, come! Let me out of this cage!” he went on. “What trick is this you have played on me? Father! Mother! Make Scratcho and Whino let me out!”

For sometimes when the tiger kittens had fun together in the jungle, they had played tricks on one another. Snarlie, for a moment, thought this had happened.

Up he jumped, and once more he bit and clawed at the bars of his cage. Then he found he could not get out, and he remembered what had happened.

“Oh, I’m caught!” he thought sadly. “I shall never again be able to go back to the dear jungle, or to the cave-house. Never again!”

Then Snarlie was sad in his heart, and he lay down on the bottom of the cage, and put his head between his paws. If he had been a little boy or girl he would have cried, for he was really homesick. Animals do get homesick, you know. If you have ever had a dog, who became lost, don’t



you remember how glad he was to get back home again?

For several days Snarlie was kept in the cage, and every day Singa Dhu came to him with nice meat and fresh water. At first Snarlie used to growl when the black man came near his cage. But, after a while, the tiger came to know that the trapper would not hurt him, and that he would be kind to him, and give him food.

“Now we will see if you will take a piece of meat off this stick I hold,” said the black man, one day. “Come, it will not hurt you.”

Singa Dhu put into Snarlie's cage a stick with a piece of meat on the end of it. At first the tiger was afraid of the stick, but he was hungry, so he took the meat. Then he found that the stick would not hurt him. Every day after that, for a week, he was fed from the end of the stick Singa Dhu held.

“Now we will see if you take a bit of meat from my hand, and not bite me, little tiger,” said Singa Dhu, one day. “See, I will not hurt you.” He held out his hand, in which was a nice piece of meat. Snarlie smelled of it. It was the same



good sort of meat he had been eating ever since he had been caught. Then he smelled of the man's hand. It did not seem to smell of danger, though Snarlie had been told, by his father and mother, that all men were dangerous.

"I will eat the meat," said Snarlie to himself. And he did.

"Ha! Good, little tiger!" cried Singa Dhu. "Now we shall be friends! We shall get along nicely together."

And while the tiger was eating the meat the black man put his hand in between the bars of the cage and began rubbing Snarlie's head.

"Ha! What is that?" thought Snarlie. "I never felt a touch like that before. It is different from the stroke of the paw of my father or mother, and it is not like my mother's rough tongue, with which she used to wash me when I was a baby. Still it is not so bad. I think I like it."

And so Snarlie went on eating, and Singa Dhu stroked and patted him, scratching him under the ears, just as you pet your kitten or dog.

The black animal trapper and Snarlie were



now quite good friends. Every day Singa Dhu would feed and water the tiger, and pat him. One day some men came in from the jungle with another tiger they had caught. Snarlie heard him growling, and jumping about in his cage.

“Ha! Perhaps that is my brother Scratcho, or my sister Whino, they have caught,” thought Snarlie. “I will not be so lonesome if it is. Or it may be my father or mother, though I think they are too wise to be caught in a trap.”

It was none of Snarlie’s folk, however, but a strange tiger. My, how he growled!

“Why don’t you be quiet?” asked Snarlie, in tiger language.

“Because I want to get out!” cried the other tiger. “I’m going to break out!”

“You can’t,” Snarlie said. “I wanted to get out at first, but I could not. Now I rather like it here. I get my meals every day, and all the water I want, and I do not have to hunt through the jungle, and be always on the watch, for fear a lion may spring on me. You will get to like it here.”

“No, never!” cried the other tiger.



But after a time he became quiet, and he learned to eat from the trapper's hand as Snarlie had done. Snarlie was beginning to like Singa Dhu now. He found that the black man was kind to him, and the tiger soon began to watch for the trapper's coming. For every time Singa Dhu passed the tiger's cage he either gave him something to eat, or he patted or rubbed him. Snarlie liked that.

"Now for something new," said Singa Dhu, one day. "You have been such a good little tiger that I think I can let you out of the cage."

Some of the bars were slipped out of the way. Snarlie felt something being put around his neck. He did not mind for he was eating a bit of meat at the time. And Singa Dhu kept patting him. Then more bars of the cage were slipped aside, and there was a hole large enough for Snarlie to come out.

"Ha! At last I am to be free!" thought the tiger. "I can go back to my nice jungle and my cave-home."

He rushed out of the cage, but he could not



go far. There was the rattle of a chain, and Snarlie felt something tighten about his neck.

He had on a collar of leather, to which a chain was fast, and the chain was caught around a tree that grew near the cage. So Snarlie was not free after all.

“Oh dear!” he thought, when he found he could not run off into the green jungle. “This is too bad again!”

“Ha! You would not run away and leave me; would you, little tiger?” asked Singa Dhu. “I would be lonesome without you, though soon I must part with you, anyhow. But do not go away yet.”

Indeed, Snarlie could not have gone away had he wished, for the chain was too strong for him to break. So he sat down on the ground. Anyhow, it was something to be out of his cage, and where he could walk about, and have more room. Singa Dhu brought him a piece of meat, and the tiger was almost happy.

Every day, for a week, after that, Snarlie was let out of his cage for a while. Sometimes he was allowed out all day, though when night came



he was shut up. And then one day, when he had become quite gentle, and would follow Singa Dhu, who led him about by the chain, something new happened to Snarlie.

He was put into the cage, the bars were closed, and once more the black men carried him on poles over their shoulders through the woods.

"I wonder if I am to be let go back to my dear jungle?" thought Snarlie. Singa Dhu, looking at him, must have known of what the tiger was thinking, for he said:

"You are going to live with a princess, Snarlie."

"I know what a princess is," said Umboo, the elephant, as he picked up some hay from a pile between his feet, while Snarlie paused in his story-telling to get a drink of water in his circus cage.

"What is it?" asked Humpo, the camel. "On the sandy desert where I came from there were no such animals as a princess."

"A princess is not an animal—at least not such as we," spoke the big elephant. "A princess is a little girl, the daughter of a king. I



know, for in India I once belonged to a king, and he had a little princess, who rode on my back. I used to rock her in her cradle under the trees, and keep the flies away with a big leaf."

"Yes, that is what a princess is," said Snarlie, as he went on with his story. "And Singa Dhu took me to where this princess lived with her father, the king."

In India there are many kings, princes and princesses, though they do not live in what you would call palaces. It is to them, perhaps, a palace, but to us it would be just a house, though inside there might be many beautiful things.

The black man carried Snarlie in the cage up to where the king lived. The king was dark chocolate-colored, just as was Singa Dhu. As the trapper's men walked up the path toward the Indian king's palace, a little girl came running down the steps, her hair flying in the wind.

"Oh, is that my pet tiger?" she asked, with a laugh that showed her white teeth.

"Yes, this is Snarlie," answered Singa Dhu. "Snarlie, this is the princess Toto. You belong



to her now. Be good, as you were with me, for she will be kind to you, as I was."

"Oh, what a beautiful tiger!" cried Princess Toto. "May I pat him with my hand?"

"I think so," answered Singa Dhu. "Snarlie, are you going to be good, and let Princess Toto pet you? You will not bite her; will you?"

"Did you bite her?" eagerly asked Woo-Uff, the lion. But, before Snarlie could answer, men came in to move the animal cages, for the circus was going on to the next city.



## CHAPTER V

### SNARLIE IN THE PALACE

THE rumbling circus wagons came to a stop. They were wheeled inside the animal tent. Keepers came around with hay for the elephants and horses, and meat for the lions and tigers. Soon the show would begin. Off in another tent the band was playing.

“Now, Snarlie,” said Woo-Uff, the lion, “you can go on with your story. Once more we can rest while the circus stays here. I don’t like being jiggled and joggled in the wagon, and on the cars.”

“Do, Snarlie,” said Umboo, the elephant. “Tell us about the princess.”

“You didn’t bite her; did you?” asked Humpo, the camel. “I never saw a princess, that I know of, but I don’t think I would bite one.”



“Nor did I,” said Snarlie. “When Toto put her hand in my cage her fingers were so soft and gentle that I loved her at once.”

“Oh, Singa Dhu! See what a nice tiger he is!” cried Princess Toto. “He lets me rub him.”

“He is a good tiger,” spoke the trapper. “He is the nicest tiger I ever caught in my traps, and I have caught many. He will let you lead him around by the chain, like a dog.”

“Oh, I am so glad!” cried the little Indian girl, clapping her hands. For, though she was a princess she was just like most other children.

“I will stay with you a few days, Princess Toto, and see that Snarlie acts nicely,” said Singa Dhu. “Then I will leave him with you, and go back to the jungle to catch more lions and tigers.”

And so Snarlie came to live in a palace. It was a large stone building, not very high, though it had many rooms in it. In one part lived Princess Toto with her mother, and women to wait on them. And it was to this part of the palace that Snarlie was taken.



There was a yard, with a stone wall around it, and in the middle a fountain of water spouted up, making a pleasant, splashing sound.

“Couldn’t I give Snarlie a drink?” asked Princess Toto.

“Yes, I think so,” answered Singa Dhu. “He must be thirsty after being shut up in his cage so long. You may give him some water.”

The bars were slipped up, and Snarlie came out. He could not run away for the chain held him fast. Anyhow, Snarlie did not think of running away now. He was beginning to feel happy where he was. Besides, he was thirsty, and he wanted to drink at the fountain. Singa Dhu led him over to it, and Princess Toto put one hand on the chain. Snarlie, knowing he was in a strange place, looked all about, and sniffed. But he could smell no danger, so he knew it was all right.

“Oh, see him drink! What a big red tongue he has!” cried Princess Toto, in delight, as Snarlie lapped up the water from the fountain basin. “Let me hold him all by myself, Singa Dhu.”



The trapper gave the chain into the hand of the little princess, and she held it while Snarlie drank. Singa Dhu stood near, to be ready, in case the tiger should run away, to catch him. But Snarlie had no idea of doing that. He drank as much water as he wished, and then he stretched out his paws and put out his claws.

“ Oh, see what big claws he has! ” cried Princess Toto. “ Look, Azria! ” she cried to her nurse. “ See Snarlie’s claws! ”

“ Yes, they would be bad claws if he scratched you, ” said Azria.

“ Snarlie will not scratch, ” spoke Singa Dhu, “ he is almost tame now. ”

Into the courtyard came a tall man with a white turban, or cap, on his head. Over his shoulders was a cloak, covered with gold threads.

“ See, father, what a nice tiger I have! ” cried Princess Toto, and she led Snarlie up to the man, to whom Singa Dhu bowed low.

“ Is that the tiger? ” asked the father of the princess.

“ It is, King Modah, ” was the answer. “ This is the tiger you told me to bring to the princess. ”



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“ And is he a kind and gentle beast? ”

“ As much so as any wild animal. He will love those who are kind to him.”

“ Then he must love Princess Toto, for she is kind to all.”

“ I am sure of that,” said Singa Dhu. “ I will stay a few days, until Snarlie knows her ways, and the ways at the palace here. But I think he will give no trouble.”

And Snarlie did not. He liked Princess Toto at once, for her hand was soft and gentle on his back, and he loved to have her rub his ears. In a few days the princess could lead the tiger all about the palace with her, and on the grounds outside. Some of the men and women servants in the palace were afraid of the big, striped beast, but Toto only laughed at them.

“ See, he will not hurt you! ” cried the little princess, laughing merrily. “ He is so good and gentle! ” And she put her hand down near Snarlie’s big mouth, which had in it such sharp, white teeth. But Snarlie never offered to bite. He had become quite tame now, and, though once he had been afraid of men, now he knew



they were not as bad as he had thought—or at least those whom he knew were not. For they brought him meat, and he did not have to crawl mile after mile through the jungle looking for it.

“Well, I will go back to the jungle now,” said Singa Dhu, one day. “You can do as much with Snarlie as I can, Princess Toto. He will stay with you all right now, and mind you. But be kind to him.”

“I will,” promised the little girl. “And I will teach him some tricks.”

And a few days after that, when the trapper had gone back to the jungle forest to catch more wild animals, Toto began teaching Snarlie a trick. It was an easy one.

The princess had a soft leather ball which she used to toss to and fro with Azria, her nurse.

“But now that I have a pet tiger I will play ball with him,” said Princess Toto. In India, and other lands far away from where you live, kings often have wild animals for pets, and buy them for their children. Some have lions, some leopards, some elephants and others tigers. A pet elephant is not as easy to have around with



one as is a pet tiger, for an elephant is so large. But they are easily tamed.

“Come, Snarlie, we will have a game of ball!” called Toto to the tiger. She led him out into the courtyard, where the big fountain was splashing. Then she took the chain off Snarlie’s collar.

“Oh, you must not do that!” cried old Azria.  
“No!”

“Why not?” asked Toto.

“Because he will run away and bite some one.”

“No, you will not; will you, Snarlie?” asked the princess, and she put her arms around Snarlie’s neck, and rubbed her cheek on his soft fur.

“I am not going to be so foolish as to run away now,” said Snarlie to himself. “It is too nice here, with plenty to eat and all the cool water I want to drink. Indeed I’ll not run away.”

And so, when Princess Toto took off his chain Snarlie just sat there as though he had been used to that sort of thing all his life.



“Now, catch the ball!” cried the little girl. She threw it toward Snarlie. He looked at it coming, but, of course, he did not know what to do with it, for, in the jungle he had never seen anything like that. Though when the ball fell on the stone flags at his feet, he put out his paw and rolled it to one side, just as your kitten rolls a spool of thread on the floor.

“Oh, see, Azria!” cried the princess. “Snarlie will soon learn to play ball with me! Now we will try again!”

She tossed the ball once more to the tiger. This time, when he saw it coming, Snarlie rose up on his hind legs and the ball hit him on the nose.

“Ouch!” thought Snarlie. “That is going to hurt.”

But it did not, for the ball was soft. It bounded off Snarlie’s nose and splashed into the fountain basin.

“Oh dear! My ball is gone!” cried Princess Toto.



## CHAPTER VI

### HOW SNARLIE RAN AWAY

SNARLIE looked first at the leather ball floating in the fountain basin, and then at Princess Toto. On the face of the little girl there was a look the tiger had not seen before. It was a look of sadness. Toto was sorry that her nice, red ball had gone in the water.

Just how Snarlie knew this I cannot say. But in a second he had jumped into the big fountain basin, splashing the water all over, some even on Toto and Azria, her nurse. Snarlie caught the ball in his mouth, and out he jumped again. He trotted over to the little princess, and laid the wet ball at her feet.

“Oh, what a good tiger you are, Snarlie!” cried Princess Toto. “You got my ball back for me. I did not know that you would go in



the water. Come! That is a better trick than playing ball. I wonder if you will do it again?"

Princess Toto threw the ball into the fountain basin once more, on purpose this time. Snarlie looked at her, and at the ball, and then he gave another big splash into the water, after the round, red leather.

"Oh, isn't that fun!" cried Toto. "I must call my father to see how Snarlie gets the ball out of the water."

And when the tiger had brought the ball to the little girl again, she sent Azria to call the king, who came smiling into the courtyard, to see his little daughter make the big tiger do a trick.

"He seems to like it," said King Modah.

And, indeed, Snarlie did like the water. Often, in the jungle, he and his brother and sister, had gone in swimming. Tigers are about the only animals of the cat family that like bathing. Bears, of course, are fond of it, and a Polar bear just loves to swim in ice water, but other "cats" do not.

Once more Toto tossed the ball into the fountain, and before bringing it out to her



Snarlie swam around the big basin two or three times. For the day was hot, and the water was cool.

Princess Toto laughed, and clapped her brown hands to see the swimming tiger, and some of her brothers and sisters came from other parts of the palace to look on.

Then Snarlie jumped out and shook himself, as does a dog who goes into the water to bring back the stick you threw in for him. When the striped tiger had dried his fur in the sun, Toto took her red ball again, and tossed it to him. But this time she did it far enough away from the fountain so that the ball would not go in.

“Catch the ball, Snarlie!” cried the little girl, and the tiger would rise up on his hind legs and let the ball hit him on the nose, for it did not hurt, being very soft.

“But I want you to catch the ball in your mouth, not to hit it with your nose,” said Princess Toto, laughing.

“See, I will show you,” she said. And, knowing Snarlie was gentle, and would not hurt her, she opened his big jaws with her hands and put



the ball between his teeth. "That's the way to do it!" cried the little girl. "Catch the ball in your mouth!"

After a while Snarlie understood what Toto wanted him to do. Then, when he sat up like a dog, and she threw the ball to him, he caught it in his mouth, instead of hitting it with his nose.

"That's the way to do it!" cried Princess Toto, in delight. "Now bring it to me."

It took Snarlie a little longer to learn that, but finally he did. Of course, he could not throw the ball back to Toto, though he might have learned to hold it in his sharp claws if he had been taught. He did learn to roll it across the stone-paved courtyard by hitting it with his paw, and this was almost like throwing it.

Princess Toto loved Snarlie very much. It might seem strange to you to have a tiger for a pet, but you must remember that tigers were plentiful in that part of India, and though only a few of them were caught, and tamed, still, to Toto, it was not strange to have one in the palace. She liked him better than a dog, and even bet-



ter than her father's elephants, though some of them were very tame and gentle.

For nearly a year Snarlie lived with Toto in the palace. And then, one day he ran away. I'll tell you how it happened.

When Toto's birthday came her father said:

"Toto, as a little treat for you, and because you are going to be ten years old next week, we will go on a journey to see your grandmother, who lives some miles away."

"Oh, that will be lovely!" cried Toto, in the Indian language, which she spoke. "How are we going?"

"On the backs of elephants. We have to travel part of the journey through the jungle, and it will be easy for the big elephants to push their way through the trees and vines. You will ride in a little house on the back of an elephant. Azria, your nurse, will ride with you, and your mother and I will go ahead, on another elephant."

"And may I take Snarlie with me?" asked Toto. "I am sure my grandmother will like to see him, and watch him play ball with me."



“Well, perhaps she would,” said King Modah, “but I do not see how we are going to take him, unless you shut him up again in the cage in which Singa Dhu brought him; and Snarlie would not like that.”

“No, and I would not like to shut him up in the cage,” said Toto. “But could he not ride in the little house on the elephant’s back with me? There is room, for Azria is not large. And Snarlie and the elephant are friends. I took my pet tiger out to the elephant paddock the other day, and none of them were afraid, nor was Snarlie.”

“Well, in that case, perhaps your tiger may ride with you,” said the king, “though it is not often that elephants and tigers are friends. But we shall see.”

The day for the journey to Toto’s grandmother came, and the little princess, with some of her brothers and sisters, and her father and mother, made ready for the elephant ride through the jungle.

“You are to come with me, Snarlie,” said Toto, who talked to the tiger just as you would



to your dog or cat. And I think Snarlie understood just as much of what Toto said to him, as your pets do when you speak to them.

Snarlie now followed Toto all over, even without being led by the chain, though his collar was kept on him. When it came time to start he jumped into the little house on the elephant's back. The little house, called a "howdah", had soft cushions and rugs in it, and overhead was a sort of umbrella, to give shade from the sun.

On the head of each elephant, in front of the little house, sat the driver, or "mahout", as he is called. He told the elephant which path to take.

"Well, Snarlie and I are all ready!" called Toto. "You may start now, Daddy!"

You see, even though Toto lived in far-off India, she called her father Daddy, or a word which meant the same thing.

Off started the elephants. In front was the one with King Modah and his wife, and next came Toto, with Snarlie and Azria, the old nurse. Azria, at first, had been afraid of Snarlie, but now she liked him, and he liked her.



Soon the elephants were crashing their way through the jungle, which grew thickly on both sides of the path. The trees and bushes were heavy and green, but the big creatures easily pushed their way through, even where the path was overgrown.

Snarlie looked all about him, putting his fore paws up on the edge of the little house on the elephant's back. The striped tiger saw the jungle, which was like the one where he had once lived in the cave. He smelled the green smell—the smell of other animals in the jungle. He could smell them, though he could not see them.

“Ah, this is like old times!” thought Snarlie. “How well I remember crawling on my stomach under the tangled vines to get a drink of water, or something to eat. I wonder if I would like to do it again?”

Then he looked at Princess Toto. He felt her little hand stroking his head, and he thought:

“No, I guess I would not like to live in the jungle again. It is best to be a tame tiger.”

And then something happened.



Off to one side Snarlie heard a voice calling. To Toto and the others the voice sounded only like some wild animal crying. It was a sort of growl, and Azria started up and cried:

“It is another tiger.”

“Have no fear!” said the mahout, on the elephant’s head. “I have a big, sharp spear, and if a wild tiger comes I will drive him away.”

But though the sound was only a growl to the others, to Snarlie it meant something. This is what he heard, spoken in tiger language:

“Ah ha! I see you, tame tiger that you are, up on the elephant’s back! Why do you not jump down, and come to play with me in the jungle?”

“Because it is nice up here,” said Snarlie in answer, and to Toto it only sounded as though he growled and whined, though he was speaking to another tiger.

“Be nice, Snarlie,” begged the little princess. “We will soon be at my grandma’s house, and you shall have good meat to eat.”

Again sounded the voice of the other tiger,



hidden somewhere along the jungle path, though he could not be seen because of the vines.

“Come into the jungle with me, Snarlie,” he invited. “We can slink along under the bushes. I know where there is some fresh meat, and a pool of good water. Come, we will have good times together in the jungle. You will not have to do tricks, nor catch a red ball, with a little girl. Come, and together we will scare a big lion, who lives in the rocks not far off.”

“Ha! That would be fun!” said Snarlie. “I have always wanted to scare a lion. They roar so you would think that nothing would scare them.”

“This lion will roar with fear when you and I growl at him,” said the other tiger. “Come along, and have some jungle fun.”

Whether or not Snarlie was tired of living in the palace, and having his meals brought to him, instead of hunting for them himself, I cannot say. It may be that he thought he would go off and have a good time as he used to, with his sister and brother, and that after a bit he would come back to Toto again. I have known dogs











and cats that ran away from nice homes for no reason at all. Sometimes they came back, and sometimes they did not.

At any rate Snarlie listened to the other tiger calling:

“Come into the jungle and have some fun!”

“All right, I will,” Snarlie answered.

Then over the edge of the little house, down off the elephant’s back jumped Snarlie, the tiger. Down into the jungle he leaped.

“I am coming!” he called to the other tiger, of whom he had had a peep behind a big bush. “I am coming!”

“Good!” cried the other tiger, whose name was Sharp-Tooth. “Now for some good times!”

“Oh, Daddy, Daddy!” cried Princess Toto. “Snarlie is running away! Stop the elephant! Stop! Let me get my tiger back! Azria, help me!”

“Stop!” called King Modah, and all the elephants stopped in the jungle.



## CHAPTER VII

### IN THE JUNGLE AGAIN

SNARLIE, leaping off the back of the elephant, where he had been riding in the little house with Princess Toto, ran along through the jungle bushes a little way, until he saw Sharp-Tooth, the other tiger. He stopped beside him.

“I’m glad to see you,” said Sharp-Tooth. “Come on now, and I’ll show you where I have hidden some fresh meat.”

Snarlie turned to look back toward the elephants.

“What are you looking at?” asked Sharp-Tooth.

“I want to see what Princess Toto is doing,” answered Snarlie. “I think she is crying for me.”

“Pooh! What do you care?” asked Sharp-Tooth. “Come on!”



“ I like the little girl,” said Snarlie. “ She was very good to me. So was Singa Dhu! I am sorry to leave the princess this way.”

“ You will soon forget her,” said Sharp-Tooth. “ We will have so much fun in the jungle that you will not want to go back, even to live in a palace.”

“ I suppose so,” answered Snarlie. “ Well, come on, show me where your fresh meat is hidden.”

“ This way! ” called Sharp-Tooth, and he led the way through the jungle.

Snarlie gave one last look back toward the line of elephants. He could see Princess Toto standing up in the little house, with the nurse Azria by her side, and the little girl was calling:

“ Snarlie! Snarlie! Where are you? Come back to me. I want you! ”

“ Oh, don't mind her,” said Sharp-Tooth, and Snarlie went on into the jungle with his new tiger friend. King Modah sent some of the servants and elephant men into the forest to try and find Snarlie, but a tiger, either tame or wild, is very cunning and knows well how to hide.



Snarlie and Sharp-Tooth saw the men beating their way through the thick jungle, and the tigers easily hid themselves. In a little while Sharp-Tooth began sniffing the air.

“ I smell my fresh meat,” he said. “ It is hidden somewhere near here. Soon we will be having a good meal.”

After a bit they came to a cave in the rocks. It was not as large as the one where Snarlie used to live, nor as nice, but Sharp-Tooth thought it very fine.

“ This is my home,” he said. “ Come in and have some dinner.”

The tigers went into the cave, which was as dark as a pocket, but they could see in the dark, as cats can, and they needed no light to find the meat. Their noses told them where it was.

“ Isn’t this fine? ” asked Sharp-Tooth, as they were eating. “ Don’t you like it here better than in the palace? ”

“ Well, yes, in a way,” answered Snarlie, speaking in tiger language, of course. “ But, then——” and he stopped and sort of sighed.

“ What is the matter? ” asked Sharp-Tooth.



“Are you thinking of Princess Toto, and wishing you were back with her?”

“Yes,” answered Snarlie, “I am. She was very good to me.”

“You will soon forget her,” Sharp-Tooth said. “Have some more meat. There is plenty.”

The tigers ate as much as they wanted and then, as all such wild animals do, they became thirsty.

“Where can we get some water?” asked Snarlie. “If I was in the palace I could go to the fountain, and have a good drink, and a swim.”

“Well, I haven’t a fountain here, of course,” answered Sharp-Tooth. “But there is a very good hole, not far away, that has water in it. We will go get a drink there.”

Sharp-Tooth led the way through the jungle. The two tigers had to crawl under thick bushes, leap over fallen trees and climb past big rocks. It was not as easy to get a drink as when Snarlie had lived in the palace. Still he did not mind very much, for he was big and strong, and with one blow of his big paw he could break, or push



aside, the tangled vines and bushes that were in his way.

“Hold on now, wait a minute!” suddenly called Sharp-Tooth. “Don’t go any farther.”

“Why not?” asked Snarlie.

“Because we are getting close to the water.”

“Well, that’s what I want,” said Snarlie. “I want to get closer yet, so I can get a drink.”

“Ah, yes, but first I must take a peep between the bushes to see if there are any big lions at the water hole,” spoke Sharp-Tooth. “If there are, we shall have to wait until they go away before we can have a drink. There are some big lions in this part of the jungle, and we don’t want to make them angry by drinking when they are at the pool.”

“I thought you said we two could scare a lion,” Snarlie told the other tiger.

“Well, yes, we can; that is if we find a *small* lion,” answered Sharp-Tooth. “But, even we two tigers had better not try to scare a *big* lion. Now wait until I take a look.”

So Sharp-Tooth peeked out between the



branches of a bush, and at once he drew back his head.

“What’s the matter?” asked Snarlie.  
“What’s there?”

“Lions,” was the reply. “Two of ’em—big fellows. We’ll wait until they have their drink, then we’ll get ours. No use getting into trouble you know, Snarlie.”

“No, I suppose not. But I’m very thirsty!”

“So am I. But we’ll have to wait.”

The tigers lay down in the jungle, waiting for the lions to drink all the water they wanted. The lions could not see the tigers, and they would not go looking for them. Pretty soon Sharp-Tooth got up, and once more looked through the bushes.

“Have they gone yet?” asked Snarlie. “I’m very thirsty.”

“Yes, they’ve gone,” spoke Sharp-Tooth.  
“But there is a big rhinoceros at the pool now. We can’t get a drink yet.”

“Why not?” Snarlie wanted to know.

“Because that rhino has a long, sharp horn on the end of his nose. If we were to go to the pool



now, and push him away to get a drink, he might tickle us with his sharp horn, and when a rhino tickles you it hurts."

"Well, couldn't we tickle him back, with our sharp claws?" asked Snarlie.

Sharp-Tooth shook his head.

"It is easy to see that you know very little about rhinos, which is a short name for a rhinoceros," said Sharp-Tooth. "Their skin is so thick and hard that if you scratched with all your might you could not tickle them. And, all the while, they could be using their sharp horn on you. It is better to wait until the rhino goes away."

When Snarlie was telling this part of his story, Horni, the circus rhinoceros, in his cage, began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Umboo, the elephant.

"Oh, at the way that rhinoceros friend of mine, in the jungle, kept you and your tiger chum away from the water," answered Horni. "It's too bad, of course, but really, you needn't have been afraid of the rhino. I don't believe he



would have tickled you. I can't say, for sure, not knowing who he was, but I know if I had been there in the jungle I would have let you had all the water you needed."

"Thank you," spoke Snarlie. "You are very kind. But I only know what Sharp-Tooth told me. He was afraid of that rhino, and so was I. So we kept hiding in the bushes until he went away."

"Then did you get your drink?" asked Nabbo, the baboon.

"Yes," said Snarlie, "but it wasn't as nice as I thought it would be. I'll tell you about it."

The two tigers crept out from under the bush after a while, and went slowly up to the water hole. Snarlie saw a muddy puddle, with the footprints of many animals on the edge.

"Ah ha! Now for a good drink!" cried Sharp-Tooth, beginning to lap up the muddy water with his red tongue, which is as rough as a nutmeg grater, and filled with little "cups" that take up whatever a tiger wants to drink.

Snarlie looked at the muddy water.



“What’s the matter?” asked Sharp-Tooth.  
“I thought you were thirsty.”

“So I am,” answered Snarlie. “But is that all the water you have to drink? That muddy stuff?”

“It’s all you will find in this part of the jungle,” said Sharp-Tooth. “And we are lucky to get this. Last year I had to go many miles for a drink, and wait my turn until the elephants, the lions and the rhinos had theirs. You had better drink this while you have the chance.”

And, being very thirsty, Snarlie drank the muddy water.

“It isn’t like getting a drink from the nice, cool, splashing fountain in the palace courtyard,” he said.

“No, perhaps not,” answered the other. “But now you can go to sleep, or do as you please. You don’t have to play ball with a little girl, whether you want to or not.”

“Oh, there are worse things than playing ball with Princess Toto,” said Snarlie.



## CHAPTER VIII

### CAUGHT ONCE MORE

SNARLIE and Sharp-Tooth were asleep in the jungle. They had had a good meal, and they had drunk water, even though it was muddy, and, like most wild animals, they felt sleepy after eating and drinking. Indeed, some of you, I dare say, have felt like going to sleep after the Thanksgiving dinner, perhaps. So, after all, tigers and boys and girls are alike in some things.

Snarlie, after having slept for some time, suddenly felt something tickling him on the nose. He sneezed and woke up with a jump.

“Hello!” he cried, in tiger language. “What’s the matter? Does Princess Toto want me to play ball with her, I wonder?”

Snarlie heard a tiger laugh, and, looking to one side, he saw his friend Sharp-Tooth, sort of smiling at him.



"I tickled you with my paw," said Sharp-Tooth.

"What for?" Snarlie wanted to know.

"So you would awaken, and have some fun. Come, let's have a game here in the woods. It will soon be dark, and we must go back to the cave to sleep. If we stay out too late the elephants will come to drink, and you know they do not like tigers."

"That is very true," said Umboo, the circus elephant. "But I like you, Snarlie. I wouldn't hurt you for anything!"

"Nor I you," said Snarlie, as he walked back and forth in his cage, for he had been lying down as he told his story. "And I know you like me, Umboo, and I'm glad of it. But in the jungle it is different. There animals do not like each other as well as we do, who are here in this circus. We have gotten to know each other, I guess."

"That's it," spoke Woo-Uff, the lion. "It is best to be friends. No good ever came of quarreling, and biting and scratching. But go on, Snarlie. What happened next?"



Then Snarlie told on.

He and Sharp-Tooth played there in the jungle. They jumped about, for they felt lively after their meal and sleep, just as a kitten likes to play. Snarlie and Sharp-Tooth leaped over each other's backs, just as boys play their games. Then one tiger would hide down behind some bushes while the other would look for him. And when Snarlie hid thus, and he saw Sharp-Tooth coming, Snarlie would jump out and hit the other tiger with his paw. But Snarlie always took care not to have his claws sticking out when he did this. So it was like being hit with a soft rubber ball; Snarlie's paw did not hurt Sharp-Tooth in the least.

Once, as Sharp-Tooth was making a jump for Snarlie, the first tiger came down in a slippery, muddy place. It was on the side of a little hill, and before Sharp-Tooth knew what was happening he was rolling head over heels down it into a mud puddle.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Snarlie. "Now you are in for a mud bath, all right!"

"Yes, I guess I am," howled Sharp-Tooth.



He dug his claws into the ground, trying to stop himself from falling, but it was of no use. Down he splashed into the mud.

“Never mind,” said Snarlie. “I’ll roll down and get all mud, too. Then we’ll both be alike. It will be good to have some mud on us, for then the mosquitoes and bugs can’t bite us so easily.

There are mosquitoes, and many biting bugs, in the jungle, and some of them can bite so hard that they can go through an elephant’s skin. So elephants, and other jungle beasts, often roll in the mud. This makes a sort of covering over them, through which the mosquitoes cannot so easily bite.

Down the hill rolled Snarlie, and he, too, was soon covered with mud. The beautiful black stripes on his orange coat could not be seen now. He was not a pretty tiger for a while, and Princess Toto would hardly have known him.

I might say, right here, that the little Indian girl felt very badly when Snarlie ran away. The king, her father, sent many men into the jungle to look for the beautiful and tame tiger, but he



was not to be found. For Snarlie had run far off with Sharp-Tooth, you know.

“Never mind, little daughter,” said King Modah. “I will get Singa Dhu to bring you another tiger.”

This was done, and soon the little Indian princess had another pet. But she never forgot Snarlie.

The two tigers played in the jungle until the sun had almost set. Then Sharp-Tooth, who was called that because he had such sharp teeth, said:

“Well, Snarlie, we had better go to my cave now. Come along!”

Once more through the jungle crept the two tigers. As they went along they could hear the monkeys in the trees chattering and crying, for monkeys are afraid of the striped animals, though few tigers can climb trees as high as the monkeys can. Leopards are great tree-climbers, though, and some day I may tell you a story about a leopard.

Suddenly, through the jungle sounded a noise as though a loud horn had been blown.



“The elephants!” cried Sharp-Tooth. “They are coming to drink at the water hole. It is a good thing we got our drink when we did.”

“Yes,” said Snarlie. “I suppose it is. But, if I had stayed in the palace I could drink at the fountain whenever I wanted.”

“Yes, but you could not roam about as you please,” spoke Sharp-Tooth. “In the jungle we are free!”

On and on went the two tigers. Soon they came to the cave that Sharp-Tooth called home and into that they crawled to sleep through the night. In the early morning they ate some of the meat that was left, and once more they went to the water hole.

Again they had to wait until some lions and elephants drank, and they then took their turn. Once again they slept and played and then Snarlie said:

“Do you know what I am going to do, Sharp-Tooth?”

“No, unless you want to have another game of tiger-tag.”

“I want to try and find the cave where I used



to live before I was caught in the trap," said Snarlie. "I would like to see my father and mother, and my sister and brother again."

"Well," spoke Sharp-Tooth, "that would be nice, I guess. I'll help you look for your cave. It will give us something to do, and I am tired of this part of the jungle, anyhow."

"Why don't you try to find your folks?" asked Snarlie.

"It would be of no use," said Sharp-Tooth. "Years ago, when I was a little tiger, the hunters shot all my folks. I was left alone, and I have been alone ever since. I don't even know where the cave is, in which I used to live."

"That's too bad," spoke Snarlie. "I thought it was hard when I was caught in the trap, but, after all, I have had good times since. But I don't know where my cave is, either. We'll just have to hunt through the jungle until we find it."

So off the two tigers started to look for the place where Snarlie used to live. They traveled for many days. Sometimes they found meat to eat, and again they would go, perhaps, two days



without anything. Then they were very hungry, but it could not be helped.

"I suppose, if you were at home in the palace with Princess Toto, you would not be hungry," spoke Sharp-Tooth one afternoon, when he and Snarlie had been two days without anything to eat.

"That is so," was the answer.

"I'm sorry I asked you to come away," went on Sharp-Tooth. "It is my fault."

"No, it is not," answered Snarlie, kindly. "You could not know that we would be so long without food. I do not blame you. Perhaps we shall soon find some meat."

And they did, and had a good meal. Then, after drinking some water, they slept for a long while, they were so tired.

Another time, just as they were going to get some meat for dinner, along came a big lion, bounding through the bushes.

"Ha! What are you doing here?" roared the lion.

"We were going to eat that meat," answered Snarlie.



“No, you’re not!” roared the lion. “That’s *my* meat! Get away from here.”

“Come on,” said Sharp-Tooth, in a whisper to his chum. “He is a very big, strong and savage lion. We’d better go.”

So the two tiger boys slunk away through the jungle, leaving the lion to his meal.

“If I had been that lion,” said Woo-Uff, “I would have given you something to eat, Snarlie.”

“Thank you, I know you would,” spoke the tiger. “But, this lion was old and cross, I guess. Anyhow, a little while after that, Sharp-Tooth and I found some more meat, so we were not hungry.”

“And, did you find the cave where you used to live?” asked Humpo, the camel.

Snarlie shook his head.

“No, I never did,” he answered. “Sharp-Tooth and I went on through the jungle for many days, but I never saw my father or mother, or Scratcho or Whino again. They may have moved away. For we found a cave that looked something like the one where I used to live,



though I was not sure of it. Sharp-Tooth and I lived in it for some time."

Then Snarlie kept on with the rest of his story.

He and his tiger chum had many good times together in the jungle, though the life was not as easy as when Snarlie lived with Princess Toto. And then, one day, something happened.

Snarlie and Sharp-Tooth awoke one morning in the cave where they had been sleeping. Snarlie was not feeling very well, for he had bit on a sharp bone the day before, and hurt his mouth.

"You stay here to-day," said Sharp-Tooth, kindly, to Snarlie. "I'll go out and bring you in some soft meat that you can easily chew. Just you take a rest."

"All right, thank you, I will," Snarlie said. "And whenever you are not feeling well I'll do the marketing for you."

So while Snarlie stayed in the cave, Sharp-Tooth went out. But he never came back. Hour after hour went past and Snarlie was left alone.

"Sharp-Tooth must have had to go farther for



meat than he thought he would," said Snarlie to himself. "I will wait a little longer, and, if he does not come, I will go after him."

But Sharp-Tooth did not come back, and when Snarlie, who was feeling a little better, started off along the jungle path to look for his friend, Sharp-Tooth was not to be found. Nor did Snarlie ever know what became of him. Whether Sharp-Tooth was caught in a trap, or whether some hunter shot him, was never known. But Snarlie never saw his friend again, and he was sad.

For several days Snarlie kept hoping that he would find Sharp-Tooth. But he did not. Snarlie wandered up and down in the jungle, eating whenever he could find any meat, and drinking at the water holes. He was very lonesome.

"I think I will go back to Princess Toto," said Snarlie. He did not know just where to look for the palace where the little girl lived who had been so kind to him, but he walked on and on, hoping to find it.

Many days later, when Snarlie was feeling



quite hungry, he heard a goat bleating in the jungle.

“Ha! That means fresh meat for me,” said the tiger. “I will go get it.”

He walked slowly and softly toward the place where the goat was bleating, and finally Snarlie saw it.

“But I must be careful,” thought Snarlie. “Once before, when I tried to get a goat, I fell into a trap. I will not do that again.”

Snarlie walked all about the goat, which was tied to a stake in the ground. The tiger looked carefully but he could see nothing that appeared to be a trap.

“I guess it is all right,” said Snarlie to himself. He jumped through the air toward the goat, but, all at once the tiger felt himself all tangled up in a net. It had fallen on him from a tree overhead, in which was perched a black trapper. It was not Singa Dhu, but an Indian, like him. He dropped the net on Snarlie’s back.

“Oh, what is this!” growled Snarlie. “Am I caught again?”

And he was. His paws and claws and his



teeth, with which he tried to bite, all became tangled in the strong net, so that Snarlie could only lie down, all in a heap.

“ I have caught a tiger! ” cried the man up in the tree. “ Come and bring the cage! He is a fine, big tiger, and we shall get much money for him.”

“ Caught again! ” thought Snarlie. “ Well, perhaps they will take me back to Princess Toto. I shall not be sorry. I have had enough of the jungle, now that Sharp-Tooth is gone.”



## CHAPTER IX

### SNARLIE'S LONG TRIP

DOWN out of the jungle trees jumped three or four black men, who looked like Singa Dhu. They stood around the net in which poor Snarlie was entangled. Along a path came other men, with a cage made of strong vines and tree branches.

“ Oh dear! ” thought Snarlie, when he saw it. “ Have I got to go in that again? Well, I know what I'll do. I'll be very good and gentle, and the men, when they see that I am tame, will let me loose, or at least they will only put a chain and collar on me.”

When Snarlie ran away from Princess Toto he had on his collar and chain, but he and Sharp-Tooth had managed to claw off the collar, in the jungle, leaving it and the chain there.

“ Bring up the cage, and we will put the tiger



in it," said the man, who had dropped the net down on Snarlie's back from the tree. The man had been waiting there until a tiger or lion, hearing the cries of the goat, should come near enough to be caught. It was a trap, but different from the one in which Snarlie was first caught. That is why the tiger had not seen anything that, to him, looked like danger.

The men put the cage, with the door open, down near the net in which Snarlie was tangled. Then they began lifting away the meshes, which were made of strong rope and cords—too strong for the tiger to break. And there were too many for him to bite through, though he might have done so if he had had the time.

"Be careful of his teeth and claws," said the head trapper. "He is a big, strong tiger."

"He seems very quiet," said one of the helping men. "The last tiger we caught this way jumped about so, and bit and clawed, that it took us all day to get him in a cage."

"This one is different," said the head trapper. "I hope he is not sick. A sick tiger will not sell for much."



But Snarlie was not ill. He knew what he was doing.

“I will be very quiet and good,” he said to himself. “I will not try to bite or scratch the men. Then they will see that I am tame. When I get a chance I will show them that I can play ball. They will then know that I can do tricks, and they will not keep me shut up in the cage, but they will take me back to the palace and Princess Toto.”

That is what Snarlie hoped, but it did not turn out just that way. Slowly the men lifted the net away, untangling it. Soon Snarlie was almost loose, and then he was suddenly pushed, net and all, into the cage and the door was quickly fastened. Then, with long hooks, the men pulled out the net through the bars.

“Now we have him safe!” cried the trapper. “The tiger cannot get away. We can easily carry him in that cage to the ship, where we will sell him.”

Snarlie did not understand what all the talk was about. But, somehow, the men did not seem



to be as nice as Singa Dhu had been. They did not pet Snarlie.

"But, perhaps, they will not be afraid of me when they find out I am tame," thought Snarlie. So, when once, an Indian passed so close to the bars of the cage that the tiger might have reached out his sharp claws and scratched the man, Snarlie did not. His paws remained still.

"I never saw such a queer tiger," said the trapper. "Always before, when I have caught them, they tear around their cage and try to get out. But this one is very quiet. I do not know what it means."

But Snarlie was only being good, you see.

When the door of the cage was tightly shut the men passed long poles through it, and hoisted it to their shoulders. Then they set off through the jungle, carrying Snarlie as he had been carried before, when Singa Dhu had caught him.

For many days Snarlie was carried in his cage through the jungle. Sometimes the men would stop to rest, and Snarlie would be given food and water. But none of the men tried to pat him, or rub his head. They just thrust the meat into his



cage, and jumped away again, very quickly, as though they were afraid, and I guess they were.

“But they need not fear me,” said Snarlie. “If they would only let me out of here I would walk along with them, myself, for I want to go back to Princess Toto.”

At night the men would make for themselves little huts in the jungle, weaving the leaves and branches of trees together. They would build a fire to keep the lions and other wild animals away, and sometimes, around their leaf hut they would weave a fence of sharp thorns, over which, or through which, a lion will not jump unless he is very hungry, or very angry. So the men and Snarlie were safe from harm, even in the jungle at night.

At last, after many days, the first part of Snarlie's long trip came to an end. The men, carrying the tiger in the cage on their shoulders marched out of the jungle where they had been traveling so long. Snarlie saw the blue sky dotted with white clouds, more plainly than he had seen it since he had lived in the palace. No longer were there big trees and tangled vines on



every side. The country was open, and beyond the jungle was a great body of water, the largest pool Snarlie had ever seen.

"My! All the animals of the jungle could drink there at once, and there would be room for many more," thought Snarlie. But he did not know that this was the ocean he saw, and that the water was salt, and not good to drink, though, perhaps, fishes like it.

"I wish they would let me out of my cage!" thought Snarlie. "It is no fun to be cramped up this way. I want to get out."

But the men did not do as the tiger wished. They went down close to the edge of the ocean with the cage. Snarlie heard a sound like distant thunder, or as when a lion roars, far off in the jungle. He saw the white foamy waves rush up on the sandy beach. It was the waves that made the roaring sound. At first Snarlie felt afraid, but soon he grew to like it.

While Snarlie was being fed and watered in his cage, some other men came up to look at him through the bars. These men were different from the trapper and his helpers. These men



were white, and they wore more clothes than did the Indians, who do not need them, as it is so warm in the jungle.

“Yes, that is a fine tiger,” said one white man. “I will buy him for the circus.”

Then he gave the trapper some money. Snarlie did not know what it was all about, but soon he felt himself being picked up in his cage once more and carried toward the ocean.

“I wish they would let me get in the water and have a good swim,” thought Snarlie. “I wonder why they keep me shut up so long?”

But the men did not know that the tiger was tame, and could do some little tricks, such as bouncing a ball on the end of his nose.

Snarlie was put on board a ship, though he did not then know what it was. All he knew was that his cage was carried down into a dark place, and there he was left.

“This must be a sort of cave,” thought Snarlie. “Well, it is not so bad here, for it is nice and warm. But I wish I could be let out, and have something to eat.”

A little later some meat and water were



brought to the tiger by a man who looked in at him through the bars.

"Ha! You are a fine fellow!" said the man. "I guess you would like a chance to scratch, or bite me. But you will not get it."

And, just think of it! Snarlie wouldn't have bit or scratched in the least!

Pretty soon, when he had finished eating, Snarlie felt queer. He seemed to be going up and down, and then to be swinging sideways.

"Well, now I wonder what new thing this is?" thought the tiger. And what had happened was that the ship was sailing over the ocean, bobbing up and down on the big waves.



## CHAPTER X

### IN THE CIRCUS

SNARLIE, the striped tiger, could not tell his animal friends in the circus much about his trip across the ocean in the big ship. One reason was that he was seasick most of the way over, and when he was not feeling ill he was kept in such a dark place that he could see nothing of what was going on. All Snarlie knew, that he was kept in his cage, and that meat and water were brought to him. He did not care much for the meat but he drank the water, and it made him feel better.

“ Oh, when will this ever end? ” thought poor Snarlie as he felt the ship going up and down, and swaying from side to side.

How he wished they would let him up on deck, where he could see the sun, and breathe the



fresh air. And how much he wanted to get in the cold water and have a swim, only he, himself, knew.

"I wish I had stayed with Princess Toto," said Snarlie to himself, over and over again. "What fun it would be to play with her now, and jump into the fountain basin after the red ball."

But, Snarlie was many miles from the little Indian girl, and each turn of the big propeller of the ship, churning the water to foam, took him farther and farther away.

Perhaps, if the men on the ship had known that Snarlie was a tame tiger they might have let him up on deck. But he had been caught in the jungle, the collar he had worn, and which would have shown that he was tame, had come off, and there was no way of telling that he was any different from other wild animals. And the men were afraid of wild beasts of the jungle. They were afraid of being bitten or scratched.

"Oh, if they would only let me out, I wouldn't even growl at them," said Snarlie to himself.

There were other wild animals on the ship.



Snarlie could hear them, but he could not see them. He could hear the chattering of monkeys, and the hissing of snakes, and of these last, he was afraid. For even a big, strong tiger fears the bite of a snake, which may poison and kill him.

Then, too, Snarlie could hear the trumpeting of elephants, and the mooing of cows—not the kind of cows we have here, but those with humps on their backs, almost like those a camel has—they were the sacred cows of India, some of which were being brought over to go to circuses and manageries.

“I wonder if there are any other tigers on the ship?” thought poor Snarlie, as he walked up and down in his little cage. “If there are and I could get out, I could talk to them about the jungle, and it would not be so lonesome.”

He listened carefully, but he could not hear the voice of any other tigers among the noises made by the different animals. Once Snarlie thought he heard a lion roar, and he crouched in the far corner of the cage in fear.

Then he remembered that if a lion was aboard



the ship the big, strong animal would also be in a cage.

"So he couldn't get out to bite me," said Snarlie to himself. But the roaring sound did not come again, and, after all, it may have been an elephant grunting as he ate his hay—grunting because, he, too, wanted to get off the heaving, rolling ship.

Finally the ship was still, and oh! how glad Snarlie and the other animals were. It was so good to lie quietly, and not feel ill. Now, when they brought meat to Snarlie he ate every bit of it, and wanted more.

"Well, I hope my journey is over," thought the striped tiger. "Perhaps they have brought me to a new jungle. I shall be glad of that. I want to get out under the trees and crawl under the cool, green vines. I want to go to the water pool and have a long drink. I want to roll in the mud."

But Snarlie was not to do all that he wished. He must now do as the man who owned him wanted him to.

There was a great noise and pounding on the



ship. Snarlie could hear men running to and fro, and there was much shouting. Snarlie wondered what it was all about. Suddenly a great light shone down on him, and the tiger, looking up, could see the sun shining in the blue sky.

“ Oh, how good that looks! ” thought Snarlie. He smelled the fresh air, for the cover had been taken off the hatch, or store room, where the cage had been kept on the voyage across the ocean. The bright daylight came in. Snarlie was very glad.

“ Send down a rope, and we’ll lift out the tiger’s cage first,” called a man to some others who were helping unload the ship.

Snarlie looked up. He saw a long, thin thing dangling down from up above. It turned and twisted about, coiling this way and that.

“ Oh, it’s a snake! ” cried Snarlie, growling and grumbling. “ A snake is after me! ”

He jumped into a far corner of his cage so hard that he nearly burst the bars.

“ What’s the matter with that tiger? ” asked a man. “ Is he trying to get out? ”

“ I don’t know,” another one answered.



“He’s afraid, I guess. But he didn’t act like that on the way over. What’s the matter, old chap?” asked the man, in a kind voice. “No one is going to hurt you. We’re just going to take you out of here.”

Of course Snarlie could not understand all that the man said, but the voice was kind, as kind as the voice of Singa Dhu, whom Snarlie had learned to like very much, and the tiger was not so afraid. Besides, the long, thin, dangling thing, that looked like a snake, did not hiss like a snake.

“Perhaps it isn’t one after all,” Snarlie said. “I’ll take another look.” He did, and then he saw that it was not a snake, but a long rope that had been let down from above to be fastened to his cage, so that it might be lifted out of the hold, or one of the cellars of the ship.

Some men fastened the rope to Snarlie’s cage.

“Hoist away!” cried a man.

Somewhere up on deck an engine puffed. The rope went up, and Snarlie’s cage went with it. At first the striped tiger did not like it, but



he felt no pain, and anything was better than staying down in that dark hole.

Up and up went Snarlie, the cage being lifted higher and higher into the glorious sunshine. Snarlie sniffed the fresh, salty air. He looked between the bars, and saw many strange sights—there were other ships at the dock where was tied the one in which he had come across the sea. There were horses and wagons, there were many men running here and there and shouting. There were many strange buildings, not at all like the palace of King Modah, where Snarlie had played with little Princess Toto. But, look as he did, Snarlie could see nothing like a jungle. There were a few trees, to be sure, but only a few, and there were no tangled, green bushes under which he might crawl.

“Oh dear!” thought Snarlie. “I wonder what is going to become of me now?”

His cage was swung out to one side, over the dock where there were many horses and wagons. Some of the horses caught the strange, wild smell of the tiger, and snorted and stamped about in fear.



“As if I would hurt them!” laughed Snarlie, to himself.

“Lower away!” cried a man, and Snarlie’s cage went down toward one of the big wagons. Then something happened.

The rope slipped. Snarlie’s cage fell with such suddenness that it bounced from the wagon to the ground. There was a cracking sound, as some of the wooden bars snapped, and then, all at once, the striped tiger found himself outside.

He was free!

For a moment there was silence. Then, as the men saw what had happened, most of them started to run away. Horses snorted and ran also, pulling the wagons after them.

“The tiger is loose! The tiger is loose!” cried a man.

“Run! Run!” shouted another. “Get the police to shoot it!”

“No, you don’t!” yelled the ship man, who had been helping take out Snarlie’s cage. “That tiger is not to be shot! We must get him



back in the cage. Come on now, men, he won't hurt you."

"He looks as if he would," said a big man, who was trying to hide behind a barrel that was too small for him, so that he stuck out on both sides.

All this while Snarlie did not know what to do. He was as much surprised as any one at having fallen out of his cage so suddenly. He stood there on the dock, looking at the broken bars, and then at the frightened horses and men. Snarlie did not move. He was blinking his eyes, for the strong light, after he had been shut up so long in the dark, hurt him.

Then Snarlie began to sniff the air. He smelled something that reminded him of the jungle, it was a sweet sort of smell, and in the jungle grew plants that, when they were broken and crushed, gave out a sweet juice, from which sugar was made.

It was something like sugar that Snarlie smelled, and, as he liked sweet stuff he wanted to know where he could get some. He sniffed harder than before, and he noticed that the smell



came from a round thing not far away. It was a barrel of molasses, though Snarlie did not know it by that name. Some molasses had run out through a crack, and was dripping down the side of the barrel.

"I think I'll go over and taste that," said the tiger to himself.

Over he walked, slowly and carefully, for he was in a new place, and he did not want to fall into another trap.

"Look out! There he goes!" cried some of the men.

"Yes, and here *I* go!" exclaimed the one behind the small barrel, and away he ran as fast as he could. But Snarlie did not even look at him. Snarlie wanted some of that sweet stuff.

With his big, red tongue Snarlie licked up the dripping molasses.

"My! But that is good!" he said. "It is better than the sweet stalks I chewed in the jungle. Perhaps I am going to like it over here, after all, if they have such nice things as this to eat."



And Snarlie kept on licking the molasses until there was none left outside the barrel. The ship man watched him.

“Ha! That’s how we can get him back in his cage!” cried the ship man. “Quick now, get me a pail, some of you, and draw off some of that molasses. Knock a hole in the barrel! I’ll fix the cage, and we’ll have that tiger back in it before he knows it.”

Snarlie did not try to run away, or hide, which he might have done. He did not chase after the men or horses, as a wild tiger, who had never played with Princess Toto, might have done. Snarlie knew better than that.

“There’s something queer about that tiger,” said the ship man. “He isn’t half as wild as I thought he’d be. I don’t believe he’ll hurt me if I go close to him.

“Good boy! Easy now! don’t be afraid,” said the man, in a kind voice. “We’ll be good friends, I guess.”

The man walked up to Snarlie, with a stick in his hand. But Snarlie did not growl or jump at him.



“Here’s the molasses,” called a man, who had drawn some off into a pail.

“Bring it here.”

“Indeed, and I’m afraid of the tiger.”

The ship man laughed, and got the pail of sweet stuff himself.

“I never heard of coaxing a tiger with molasses before,” he said, “but I’m going to try it.”

He set the pail of sweet stuff inside the broken cage. The cage would still hold Snarlie when the bars were mended. The striped tiger smelled the molasses.

“Well,” said Snarlie to himself, “I don’t want to go back in that little cage, but I *do* want that molasses. Perhaps if I go in, for a while, they will let me out again. Anyhow, I’ll show them that I know how to behave myself.”

Slowly Snarlie walked into the cage. There was as much molasses as he wanted, and he did not have to lick it off the side of the barrel, where it was not very clean. Now, it was easy to get it out of the pail. And while Snarlie was licking it up with his red tongue, the ship man quickly



fastened up the broken bars of the cage with ropes.

“Now he’s caught!” cried the man. “You don’t need to be afraid any more.”

The horses quieted down, the men came out from behind boxes and barrels where they had been hiding, and this time Snarlie’s cage was hoisted upon a wagon. He looked about him, but he was so busy eating the molasses that he did not see all that was going on.

Snarlie was carried across the city on the big wagon. Over the cage was thrown a thick cloth so that Snarlie was in the dark, and no one in the streets could see him.

“I wonder where I am going now?” thought the tiger.

He felt his cage being lifted up and set down. Then he felt a rumbling and jolting. He was in a railroad car, though he did not know it.

“And then, after a while, I was put on another wagon,” said Snarlie, in telling his friends his story, “and brought to a big, white tent, such as this one in which we now are. I did not know what it was.”



“That was a circus,” said Umboo, the elephant.

“Yes, I know now that it was,” answered Snarlie, “but I did not know it then. It was not this circus, though, for I was with another before I came here among you, my friends. Anyhow, this is what happened.

“The cage in which I had been brought from the jungle was put next to one made of strong wood, with iron bars. And it was on wheels, as is the cage I am now in. In one end of the new cage was put a nice piece of meat. I was very hungry. I rushed to get it. A door clanked shut behind me and I was caught in a new cage. But I did not mind, for it was larger than the jungle one.”

And then began a new life for Snarlie—life in a big circus.



## CHAPTER XI

### LEARNING SOME TRICKS

SNARLIE was not like most of the wild jungle animals that come to a circus. Snarlie had been partly tamed; he knew there was no need to be afraid of men, and especially of little girls like Princess Toto. How he wished he could see her now!

And so Snarlie had a different time in the circus than most other animals have. He did not need to learn so many things as they have to learn, for kind Singa Dhu had taught the striped tiger many lessons, and one was that wonderful lesson of kindness. Snarlie knew that men would be kind to him, if he did not bite and scratch.

“Well, Snarlie,” said a man, coming up to the tiger’s new cage, which was a wagon on



wheels; "well, Snarlie, I wonder if you and I are going to be friends?"

Of course, Snarlie could not answer back in man talk, but he spoke in tiger language, by making a funny little noise in his throat. That was why the man called him Snarlie, for the tiger seemed to snarl, though it was not because he was angry. Instead, he looked at the man as kindly as he knew how.

The man had on a red coat, with gold braid on the collar and sleeves, and there was gold braid on his red cap. This man was an animal trainer. He knew much about wild animals, but he had yet to learn that Snarlie was already tame.

When most wild animals reach the circus, after having been caught in the jungle, they feel very badly indeed. They have not been nicely treated, and they fear all men. It is hard work for a trainer to make them understand that he will be kind to them, that he wants to teach them tricks so they may do them in order that boys and girls may be amused, and instructed.

When a trainer begins with a wild animal,



one that has never before known what it means to have a man near him, the trainer starts with feeding the beast. Every day (except on Sunday) the trainer brings the animal meat and water. After a while the animal comes to know that the trainer means only kindness, and, before very long, the animal watches for the trainer to come. He is even anxious to see him, because the trainer brings good things to eat.

Then, one day, when the animal is asleep, a collar is slipped over his neck, and a chain is fastened to it. Then he can be tied up to one side of the cage, so that when the keeper goes in the animal cannot spring on him, which he might do, just because he was so surprised, and not because he wanted to bite the man.

"Well, I like this cage much better than the one I have been shut up in so long," thought Snarlie, as he walked about the one on wheels. Then he looked at the man in the red coat. The man was also looking at Snarlie.

"You are a fine tiger," the man said, "and I think you will learn some good tricks. We shall be friends, I'm sure. Now, I will feed you," for



Snarlie had soon eaten up the small piece of meat that was in his new cage when he entered it from the old one.

The trainer passed Snarlie a bit of meat on the end of a long stick, and brought him fresh water. Then, after speaking kindly to the striped tiger, for a little while, the man went away. Snarlie, having finished his second piece of meat, looked about him.

He was in a cage in a big circus tent. All around were other animals, some, like the bears, wolves, lions and panthers, in cages, and others, like the camels, the elephants and giraffes, standing in little yards, made of stakes and ropes. These last were eating hay. As yet there were no people in the circus, for it had not started out on the road to give shows. It would soon, however, when the weather was a little warmer. Just now the tent was warmed with steam pipes, run in from outside. Snarlie liked the warm air, as do all jungle animals, for they are used to a hot country.

“Well, I think I shall like it here,” thought Snarlie, as he looked about him. “There is an-



other tiger over there," he went on, as he saw a striped beast like himself in a cage not far away. "I must have a talk with him. And there is an elephant and a lion. Well, they cannot harm me as long as I am in my cage."

But, of course, the circus lion and tiger were partly tame, and they would not have harmed Snarlie.

"Hello, over there; you other tiger!" called Snarlie, at last. "What is your name; if you please?"

"My name is Prince," was the answer. "But who are you, and where did you come from?"

"From the jungle," said Snarlie. "There I knew a princess named Toto. Do you know her?"

"No, I never heard of her. And so you came from the jungle; eh? It is many years since I have been there. Tell me what it is like. Is the old water hole there still, and the cave in the rocks where I used to play? And what of Rumble, the big lion?"

"I never knew him," said Snarlie. "I guess you came from a different part of the jungle than



where I lived. But, I will tell you of the place where I came from."

Then, Snarlie, in tiger language, told Prince what had happened. He told of Singa Dhu, and of Princess Toto. He told of running away, of his roaming through the forest with Sharp-Tooth, and of the second capture in the net.

"And now I am here," said Snarlie.

"Yes," spoke Prince, "now you are here in the circus, and you will have to do tricks, as do the rest of us."

"Are the tricks hard?" asked Snarlie. "I used to play ball with Princess Toto, and get it for her when it went in the fountain basin."

"You will not do such tricks as that here," said Prince. "But our tricks are not hard, and if you are good, and mind your trainer, you will have no trouble. Do not be afraid, that is all."

"Pooh, I am not afraid," said Snarlie. "I used to follow Princess Toto all over, and I walked beside Singa Dhu."

"You cannot do that, either, in the circus," said Prince. "None of us jungle folk are allowed to walk around outside of the cage, save



the elephants. And they are different. But I have grown to like my cage, and when my keeper comes in, sits down beside me, and scratches my head, I am happy."

"Will they do that to me?" asked Snarlie.

"If you are good; yes."

"Then, I shall be good."

That night the man in the red coat and cap brought Snarlie some more meat and water, and spoke kindly to him. This went on for several days, and then, all at once, one afternoon, Snarlie awoke to find the trainer fastening a collar about his neck, from outside the cage. To the collar a chain was attached.

"Ha! This is like old times!" thought Snarlie. "Now they may take me out of the cage and lead me around."

But this did not happen. Snarlie was fastened to one side of the cage by the chain, which was so short that he could not walk to the other end. Outside, the red-coated trainer stood watching him. Snarlie looked at the man and sort of smiled—at least it looked like a smile, for Snarlie drew back his lips and showed his teeth.



“ Well, that chain doesn’t seem to bother you any,” the man said, with a laugh. “ Most tigers, when they are chained up that way, jump about and try to get loose. Why don’t you? ”

The reason was that Snarlie had been chained up before, by Singa Dhu, and the tiger knew it was of no use to jump and try to break the chain. That would only hurt his neck. So he stayed still.

“ I think you will be easy to teach tricks,” said the man, whose name was Tom.

A day or so after this the door of Snarlie’s cage, at the far end, was opened, and a chair was put in. The tiger was still chained up, but there was room for him to move about, and to get his meat and water.

“ I wonder what that chair is for? ” thought Snarlie. “ If it is for me to sit on I don’t need it. I like to sit on the ground or on the floor of my cage.” So he just looked at the chair.

“ Well, you surely *are* a queer tiger,” said Tom, the trainer. “ Even a chair doesn’t scare you as it scared Prince, the other tiger. You



must have been well treated before you came to the circus."

Prince, of course, knew why Snarlie was not afraid of the chair, for Snarlie had told about having lived with Princess Toto.

"I was terribly afraid of the chair myself," Prince said, in talking to Snarlie that night. "I did not know what it was."

"Oh, I've often seen them before," answered Snarlie. "Singa Dhu used to sit on one when he ate his dinner off the table. And he would give me nice bits of meat as he sat in the chair."

A few days later, Tom, the trainer, got in the tiger's cage and sat in the chair. Snarlie could not come near him, as the chain and collar were still fast on the tiger's neck.

"But if I could get near you, I would only lay my head down on your knee and let you pat me," thought Snarlie. "I am not afraid of you, and I don't want you to be afraid of me."

"We are getting on well together," said Tom, a few days later, after he had been sitting in the chair for some time. "I believe I can unchain you now. But, be careful. Do not try to spring



on me and bite me, for I have a heavy whip in my hand."

Snarlie saw the whip, and did not like it, but he knew there would be no need of it, as he intended to be good. So, when the chain was loosed, the tiger went gently over to Tom and laid his head on the man's knee.

"Well, look at that!" cried another keeper, outside the cage. "Tom has his tiger tamed, already."

"Yes, I never saw one like him, to learn so quickly," spoke Tom. "I think I will teach him the jumping trick right away, without waiting for him to get any tamer. He is tame enough."

Tom laid a stick down on the floor of the cage. Then he stood away from it and held out a piece of meat to Snarlie. To get the meat the tiger had to step across the stick, which he did after smelling it, and tapping it with his paw, when he made sure it was not alive and could not hurt him.

When Snarlie had eaten the meat, Tom went on the other side of the stick, and held out something else good to eat. Once more Snarlie



stepped across the stick, but he did not notice that a keeper outside the cage had raised the stick up a little. This went on for two or three days.

Each time Snarlie stepped across the stick to get his bit of meat, the stick was raised a little higher, until at last he had to jump, instead of stepping. He jumped as he had used to jump, in the jungle, when he was playing with Scratcho, his brother, and Whino, his sister.

“Ha! Now you are learning to do tricks!” cried Tom, with a laugh. “This is the jumping trick, Snarlie!”



## CHAPTER XII

### THE BIG BALL

THE circus had not yet started to travel around the country, with the big tent being put up one day in one place, and in another place the next day. But soon this would be done.

Before that, however, Snarlle, the tiger, and the other new animals were being taught their tricks. This was done so they would know their lessons well when they performed in public. Just as you practice saying a piece over and over again, before you speak it on Friday afternoon before the whole school. Or, perhaps, you may practice your piano lesson over and over again before you play for company.

When Snarlle had learned to jump over the stick, which his trainer held high in the air, Tom said:

“Well, that is very good! Now, we must



teach you some other tricks. I think I will show you how to sit up on a stool and look as though you were going to have your picture taken."

Snarlie, of course, did not know what all this meant, but he could understand some of what Tom said, and when the trainer brought out a stool, or pedestal, nicely painted red, white and blue, like a pole in front of a barber shop, Snarlie knew that something new was to be done.

By this time Tom had learned that Snarlie was more tame than any tiger he had ever before tried to teach tricks.

"You must have learned something in the jungle where you came from," spoke Tom, "though how you did it I don't know."

"It was Singa Dhu and Princess Toto," said Snarlie to himself, but, of course, Tom could not know about that.

Snarlie sniffed at the red, white and blue stool, or pedestal. It was higher than his head, and it looked like some of the things in the palace of King Modah, where Princess Toto lived; now so far away. For Indians love gaily colored things; bright beads, bangles and bits of brass.



“Come on, Snarlie! Up on the stool with you!” cried Tom, clapping his hands, as he had done when Snarlie jumped over the stick. “Up you go!”

Snarlie, of course, did not know what Tom wanted him to do. He looked at the stool, and then at Tom. Tom patted the tiger's head, for he and Snarlie were good friends now. Snarlie was no longer chained fast to the side of his cage. He could walk about in it as he pleased, though he was not allowed outside, much as he wished to go.

“Up, Snarlie! Up!” called Tom, and he patted first the tiger's head, and then the top of the red, white and blue stool.

Snarlie rose up on his hind legs and looked at the top of the stool. He wanted to see why Tom was patting it.

“That stool can't have any soft fur on top of it, as I have on my head,” thought Snarlie to himself, “and it can't like being petted, for it has no feeling. I could bite the stool and it would not even say, ‘Ouch!’”

Snarlie knew that the stool, or pedestal, had



no feeling, for once the tiger had accidentally scratched it with his claws, and the stool had not so much as cried out, "Boo!"

"So, of course, it can't feel," thought Snarlie. "But I wonder why Tom is patting it?"

Snarlie knew his trainer's name was Tom, as he heard the other circus men call him that, just as they called the tiger Snarlie.

"Up, Snarlie! Up!" cried Tom, once more patting the top of the stool. Again Snarlie stood up on his hind legs and looked, but he did not know what was wanted. Tom wished him to jump up on top of the pedestal, just as a man sometimes pats the seat of the wagon where he is sitting, to call his dog up beside him.

But Snarlie did not jump up. He would have done so had he known that was what Tom wanted. But he did not. Finally the keeper said:

"Well, I guess I'll have to hang a bit of meat over the stool. Then you'll jump up all right."

With a piece of string Tom fastened a bit of nice meat to the top of the cage. The meat dangled in the air, swinging to and fro, as does



the pendulum of a clock. Snarlie looked at it, and he thought of the days, long ago, in the jungle, when his mother had first taught him to jump, as she dragged a bit of meat along on the ground.

“Ha!” thought Snarlie. “That must be what Tom wants. I am to jump up after that meat, as I used to leap in the jungle. This is like old times; and I do wish I could go back to the jungle, now, if only for a little while, and see my folks. I wonder where they are now, and what they are doing? Perhaps some of them have been caught, and put in a circus.”

“Up, Snarlie! Up!” cried Tom, once more patting the top of the stool.

The tiger saw the swinging meat. He could smell it, and he was hungry to eat it.

Up sprang Snarlie, with outstretched paws. Up on the stool he jumped, and with one pull of his strong, sharp claws he pulled down the meat and ate it, sitting on the stool.

“Good!” cried Tom. “That’s what I wanted you to do. Now you have learned another trick



—that of sitting on a stool,” for Snarlie sat there on the pedestal eating his piece of meat.

“Now we will try it again,” said the trainer, after a while. He fastened up another piece of meat, and, once more, Snarlie jumped for it. In a little while the tiger had learned to jump up on the stool whenever Tom told him to, and without waiting for a bit of meat to be hung over it. Though, after each trick, Snarlie was given something nice to eat as a reward.

“You are certainly getting to be a good trick tiger,” said the trainer, one day. “When the circus starts to travel around the country you and I will be watched by many persons, who will stand outside your cage to look at you. And I hope you will be good, Snarlie.”

Of course, Snarlie could not *say* he would be good in man-talk, but he said it in tiger language, which was the best he could do.

“And now for another trick,” spoke Tom one day, as he went in the tiger’s cage, and scratched Snarlie’s head. “After you learn this one the circus will start traveling, as the weather will then be warm. Now for the new trick.”



Into Snarlie's cage was rolled a big, wooden ball. It was painted red, white and blue, as was the stool on which Snarlie had learned to sit as though he were having his picture taken.

"Now, Snarlie," went on Tom, "this is the trick I want you to do. I am going to have you sit on top of the pedestal. Then, when I crack my whip, I want you to jump down on the ball. But be very careful, for the ball is going to roll around, and you will have hard work not to fall off. But if you stick your claws in, which you can do, as the wooden ball is soft, you can hold on. And you will have to balance yourself, as you must have balanced yourself in the jungle many times, when you jumped to get a bit of meat."

Snarlie looked at the big red, white and blue ball. He smelled it, and as it smelled just as did his pedestal, or stool, he was sure there was no harm in it. Then, Snarlie put out his paw and touched the ball. It rolled across the floor of the cage with a rumbling sound, like thunder far off.

"Why, that's just like the little, red ball Prin-



cess Toto and I played with," thought Snarlie. "Only this one is much larger. I would not like this ball to hit me on the nose. It would hurt, and I should have to cry, 'Ouch!' I wonder if I can jump on this rolling ball and not fall off?"

"Come, Snarlie!" called Tom, the trainer. "Now for the great ball trick. This ought to be a fine one! Up with you!"



## CHAPTER XIII

### SNARLIE IS UNHAPPY

SNARLIE jumped upon the red, white and blue stool. He felt at home there, for he had often sat on it, watching the animals in the other cages do their tricks.

"Now, Snarlle, ready!" called Tom. "When I crack the whip jump for the big ball, and keep on it, no matter how it rolls around with you. Jump!"

"Crack!" went the whip. Snarlle looked down at the big, wooden ball. It was not easy to jump, and land on it, but then, Snarlle was beginning to like to do tricks, and he wanted to please the trainer, who was so kind to him.

"Well, at best, I can only fall off, and I will not be much hurt," thought Snarlle.

He stood up, put his paws well together under him, and then, with a wave of his tail through the air, he jumped.



Straight for the ball he went, and landed on top of it. Snarlie stuck his claws in the soft wood, but the ball, being round, began to roll across the floor of the tiger's cage.

"Stay on, Snarlie! Stay on!" cried the trainer.

Snarlie did try, but it was hard work. He twisted this way and that, going sideways, backwards and forwards.

"My goodness!" thought Snarlie. "This is like the time when I jumped across a little brook in the jungle. I landed on the slippery, muddy bank, and I could hardly get up. This ball is almost as slippery as that muddy bank was. Oh, I'm slipping off!"

And the next minute Snarlie slipped from the ball, and came down on the floor of his cage, while the ball rolled against the iron bars with a clang that made the lion awaken and growl:

"What's the matter over there?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Snarlie, politely. "But I was doing a new trick and I slipped. I did not mean to awaken you."

"Well, don't do it again!" roared the lion.



“ I’ll try not to,” promised the tiger.

“ Pretty good, Snarlie,” said Tom, the trainer, patting his striped pet on the head. “ But, I think you can do better. Now we’ll try again, but, first, here is a little piece of meat for you.”

Snarlie ate the meat and then, once more, he jumped upon the red, white and blue stool. Tom placed the big, wooden ball near by and when the whip cracked again Snarlie jumped.

This time he did not fall off so soon, but stayed on the ball while it rolled almost across the cage with him. Snarlie kept his paws moving, just as a boy keeps his feet moving when he stands on the side of a barrel, and lets it roll with him.

“ Good, Snarlie! That’s the way to do it!” cried Tom. “ Soon you will do this trick as well as you do the others. Come on.”

But, all at once, Snarlie’s paw slipped, and he had to jump off the ball to save himself from falling. But he had done much better than at first.

“ Now, we’ll try again,” said Tom, as he gave the tiger another bit of meat. And the third time Snarlie did better than either of the others.



He kept on the ball while it rolled all the way across his cage.

“Now, you may have a rest and get a drink of water,” the trainer said, and Snarlie was glad to do so.

For several days after that Snarlie practiced the big ball trick until he could do it as well as you, perhaps, can do your music lesson. Standing upon the red, white and blue stool, Snarlie would make a jump for the big ball, and land on top of it. Then, by making his paws move, he would roll it across the cage.

“Now back again!” Tom would call, and, by moving his paws backward, Snarlie would roll the ball the other way.

The tiger, who had once lived in a jungle, hardly able to catch a piece of meat which his mother dragged in front of him, was now a fine big animal, very strong, and had any one dragged a piece of meat in front of him now he could have caught it with one stroke of his paw. And Snarlie could do a number of tricks.

“So that now,” said Tom, “since you can do so well, Snarlie, I think it is time the circus



started out to give a show. I want the boys and girls, the men and women, who come to the big tents, to see what Snarlie can do."

So the practice tent was taken down, the cages were put on big railroad cars, and once more Snarlie was on a journey. He did not so much mind it now, nor did it make him ill, as had the journey in the ship.

After a while the train came to a stop, and the animal cages were rolled down off the flat cars.

"What is going on now?" asked Snarlie of one of the elephants who was helping push the tiger's cage.

"This is where we are going to have the first circus of the season," answered the big elephant. "Now you will have to do your tricks in front of the crowds that come to the tents."

"Well, as long as Tom, in his red coat and cap, wants me to do the tricks, I will," said Snarlie.

Snarlie did not understand all that went on. He saw men and horses hurrying here and there. The big cages rumbled and music was played by the band. Snarlie looked at a green field, and,



pretty soon it suddenly seemed to be all white, as though it had snowed. But it was not snow that hid the green grass, but the big circus tent, which men had put upon poles.

Then Snarlie's cage, and those of the other animals, was put under the white canvas house. A little later, after the animals were fed, the cages were hauled out again, and then began the circus parade, only Snarlie did not know what it was, for it was the first time he had been in one.

And Snarlie was really in the parade. His cage was well up toward the front of the procession. On either side of the street were many men, women and children. They looked in at Snarlie in his cage, and the boys cried:

"Oh, look at the striped tiger!"

"Isn't he big!"

"What long claws he's got!"

"And see his big teeth! I wouldn't want him to bite me."

"As if I would bite them!" laughed Snarlie to himself. "Why, if they would only let me out of here I would play with them as I played with Princess Toto."



But, of course, Snarlie could not be allowed out of his cage, for though he was kind and gentle the people did not know that, and they would have been afraid if they saw him loose in the street.

Tom, the trainer, with his red cap and coat, rode in the cage with Snarlie. And when the boys saw Tom sitting there in the chair, with Snarlie walking up and down in front of him, and sometimes laying his big head on the keeper's knee, the boys cried:

"Oh-o-o-o! Look at the man in the tiger's cage!"

"I wouldn't do that!"

"Nor I! Not for a thousand dollars!"

"Pooh!" cried one boy. "That man has a gun in his pocket, and if the tiger bit him he'd get shot in a second!"

But Tom had no gun, for he knew Snarlie would not bite.

"Come, Snarlie," said Tom, as the cage rumbled along. "I think you can do a trick for the people."

Then he held up a stick, and Snarlie jumped



back and forth across it, even when it was held high in the air. For Snarlie, like all tigers, was a fine jumper, though a leopard is better.

“ Oh, look at the tiger jump! ” cried the boys and girls, and Snarlie was glad that he could do tricks to make them look at him, and wonder.

After the parade, came the show in the big tent. There Snarlie did all his tricks, even the hard one of jumping on the rolling red, white and blue ball. And he did them all well.

“ Fine, Snarlie, fine! ” cried the trainer, when the tricks were ended. “ You did very nicely for your first public performance. Here is some sweet meat for you.”

And Snarlie was glad he had done well.

When the circus performance was over in the animal tent, the people went in the other, and larger tent to see the acrobats, and the jugglers do their tricks. Some, however, stayed to have another look at the lions, tigers and elephants. One little girl, with golden hair and blue eyes, went close to Snarlie's cage.

“ Oh, don't go so near! ” cried her mother. “ The tiger might scratch you.”



But Snarlie would not have done that. When he looked at the little girl she made him think of Princess Toto, only Toto was very dark, as are all Indian children, while this little girl was light.

For many days Snarlie traveled on with the circus, riding through the streets in the parade, and doing tricks, as his cage rumbled along, coming back to the tent, after the procession had ended, to do more tricks with Tom. Sometimes Snarlie was tired, but he had to do the tricks just the same.

This part was not as nice as being in the jungle, for there Snarlie could go to sleep when he pleased. But, of course, in the jungle he could not eat when he pleased. First, he would have had to go after the meat. In the circus it was brought to him.

Snarlie grew to like Trainer Tom very much. The tiger learned new tricks and he was quite happy, except sometimes when people, in looking at him, tried to poke their canes or umbrellas through the bars of the cage to rouse him up when he was sleeping.



Snarlie did not like that, and the keepers made the people stop it when they saw them at it.

Then one day a new keeper brought Snarlie his meat. It was not Tom. Snarlie wondered what had happened to his friend, and asked the lion about it.

"Tom will not come to you any more," said the lion. "I heard the elephant talking about it. Tom fell off a wagon and was hurt. He will never be with the circus again."

Snarlie was sad when he heard that, and he would not take his meat from the new keeper, though the man spoke kindly. But, after a while Snarlie was so hungry that he just had to eat. Then the new keeper began to teach him to do the same tricks Tom had taught.

At first Snarlie did not do them so well, for animals like their old friends best. But, after a bit, Snarlie was almost like his old self, and again did the tricks very well indeed.

"And then, one day," said Snarlie, in telling his story to his animal friends, "something else happened. My cage was hauled out of the big tent and driven away, and the other animals



were left behind. I was taken away all alone. I did not know what it meant, but finally I was brought here to this tent. I was with another circus."

"Yes, you were sold," said Woo-Uff, the lion. "Sometimes one circus will buy animals from another. I remember the day you came here. You did not speak to any of us. We thought you were going to be proud and stuck up."

"I did not know any of you, and that is why I did not speak," said Snarlie. "Then, too, I was sad at leaving my old friends, and I was lonesome for Tom. But now I am getting to like it here, only I do not want boys to throw peanuts in my cage."

"Give them to me," laughed Umboo, the elephant. "I love peanuts, as I told you before."

"But you have a good trainer in this circus," said Woo-Uff, the lion. "Frank is a good, kind man. He taught me to do some tricks."

"Yes, he is good to me," said Snarlie, "and I like him. But somehow, of late, I do not feel happy. I often wish I was back in the jungle."

"The jungle is a long way from here," spoke



Nabbo, the baboon. "I, too, often wish I could again swing through the tree tops, or run over the ground, for you know we baboons live upon the ground more than we do in trees. Sometimes we have homes in rocky caves, as yours was, Snarlie."

"I wish I was back in my jungle cave," went on the striped tiger, as he paced up and down his cage. "I am not happy here."

"I think if he could see Tom, or some of his old friends, he would be happier," whispered Humpo, the camel, to Horni, the rhinoceros.

"Maybe," answered Horni. "Perhaps he would like to see Princess Toto also. She must be a nice little girl."

Snarlie was not happy. Up and down the cage he walked; up and down.

"Are you going to tell us any more of your story?" asked Nabbo.

"That is all there is to tell," answered Snarlie. "I am here in this circus now, and here I shall stay, I suppose. You are all very good to me, and I am sorry I cannot feel happier. Perhaps to-morrow I will be better."



Then he stretched out in a corner of his cage, and closed his eyes.

“If there is no more to Snarlie’s story, suppose you tell us yours, Woo-Uff,” called Umboo, the elephant, to the lion. “Tell us about the sandy desert where you came from, near the edge of the jungle.”

But before Woo-Uff could begin, it was time to move the circus tents again, on to another city.



## CHAPTER XIV

### THE WIND STORM

“ARE you feeling any more happy to-day, Snarlie?” asked Umboo, the elephant, as he walked past the tiger’s cage, when, next day, the circus had come to a stop again, ready to give another show.

“Well, not much,” Snarlie answered. “I think I must be getting homesick. I used to feel this way in the other circus. I just want to go back to the jungle, if only for a little while. I am tired of staying in this cage, with the hard wooden floor. I want to spring along on the damp, soft, cool ground. I want to swim in the muddy pool and lie in the sun. I want to play ball with Princess Toto.”

“But you can’t do it,” said Umboo. “We must all stay with the circus now.”



“Yes, I suppose so,” answered Snarlie. And he gave such a big, heavy, sorrowful sigh, letting his breath out so suddenly, that he blew the hat off a little boy who was standing in front of the tiger cage, though he did not mean to do it.

“Oh my! Ma! Look—my hat!” cried the little boy, jumping away.

“What’s the matter?” asked the lady, who had brought her little boy to the circus. “What happened to your hat?”

“The tiger blew it off my head. I guess, maybe, he wanted to eat it,” said the small chap.

But Snarlie did not eat straw hats, though, perhaps, Umboo, the elephant, might have done so had there been a little frosting on top, as there is on a cake.

However, there was no sweet stuff on this little boy’s hat—only a red ribbon, and Umboo did not care for that. So the elephant politely picked the hat up in his trunk, and gave it to the little boy, who put it on his head.

“Oh, ma!” he cried. “This is a funny circus. First the tiger blew off my hat, and then the elephant picked it up.”



“ Well, we had better get out of this tent before he picks *us* up,” said the lady, as they hurried away.

“ So you are lonesome for the jungle; are you, Snarlie? ” asked Woo-Uff, the lion, when the circus performance had started and there was nothing for the animals to do except sit in their cages, and talk to one another. “ Well, I don’t blame you. Sometimes I wish I was back in my cave-home, where I could run across the desert sands, or slink along through the bushes. But here we must stay.”

Day after day the circus went on, traveling from place to place. And every day Snarlie grew more lonesome and homesick for the jungle. He wished he was again with Sharp-Tooth, running about as they pleased, even though they had muddy water to drink, and had to hunt for their food, and wait for the lions and elephants to go away from the jungle pool.

“ I am tired of the cage—I want to go out,” said Snarlie, over and over again. “ If they would let me out I would not run away. I could do my tricks outside the cage as well as in.”



But, of course, Frank, who was Snarlie's new trainer, did not know this. He was kind and good to the tiger—almost as good as was Tom, and Snarlie liked him nearly as much.

Snarlie did his tricks as well as he could—jumping over the stick, sitting on the high stool, jumping on the ball, and standing up on his hind legs, with his fore paws on the trainer's shoulders. This last was a new trick.

One day, when the circus had come to a large city where there was going to be a show for three days, Snarlie had a funny feeling. He was uneasy, and paced up and down in his cage, walking to and fro, and lashing his tail. Sometimes he would growl deep down in his throat. He was not angry, but he felt as though something was going to happen.

Umboo, the elephant, and Woo-Uff, the lion, acted the same way. They were uneasy. All the other circus animals seemed to be just like this.

"What is it?" asked Snarlie of Woo-Uff. "I feel just as I used to in the jungle before a storm."

"So do I," said the lion, "and that is what is



going to happen, I think. We are going to have a storm."

But the men got ready to have the circus just the same, though the wind blew so hard, at times, on the tent, that it seemed as if the white canvas house would topple over.

Humpo, the camel, put his queer nose high in the air and sniffed.

"We certainly are going to have a storm," he said. "The wind is moaning and crying as it used to on the desert where I lived. There the sand used to be blown about in great clouds, so I could not see which way to go."

"And what did you do then?" asked Snarlie.

"Oh, I would lie down, stretch out my neck, close my eyes and my nose, as much as I could, and wait for the storm to blow over. Sometimes I would be half covered with sand before the wind stopped."

The wind was blowing harder now. Men hurried about tightening the ropes so the tent would not fall down. Frank, the trainer, came to Snarlie's cage.

"Well, old fellow, you aren't afraid; are



you?" he asked kindly, and, putting his hand in between the bars he patted the striped tiger. Snarlle purred, just like your cat, only much louder, for he liked to be patted.

Frank got in Snarlle's cage, and put him through some of his tricks. But he did it quickly, for some of the people were already leaving. They did not like to stay in the circus tent with a storm coming up.

"What if the tent should blow over?" asked Snarlle of Umboo, when the tiger's tricks were ended.

"Oh, it would not hurt much. You animals, in your cages, would be all right, and, as for us elephants, we are so strong that a tent falling on us would not hurt."

"All the same I would not like a tent pole to fall down and hit *me* on the nose," said Humpo, the camel. "That happened once, and my nose was sore for a week afterward."

"Well, maybe the tent will not fall down," said Snarlle. "But I like to hear the wind blow. It sounds as it used to sound when there was a storm in the jungle, and my father and mother,



and Scratcho and Whino, my brother and sister, and I used to go far back in the rocky cave where the rain would not wet us. Yes, this wind reminds me of the jungle."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so much about the jungle," said Woo-Uff, the lion. "You are making me homesick, too."

"I'm sorry," spoke Snarlie. "I did not mean to do that. Perhaps some day we may——"

But before Snarlie could say any more there was a loud howling sound of the wind. Then men shouted and yelled. The top of the tent seemed to lift up. Then some of the big poles, that had been holding it, cracked and broke.

"Look out!" cried Humpo. "The tent is being blown over! Oh, I hope my nose doesn't get hurt."

"Stand here by me," said Umboo. "If a pole falls it will hit me first, but I don't mind, for my skin is hard and thick. Stand near me, Humpo," he said kindly, "and I will keep the pole from hitting you."

Then, all at once, a great, big pole fell with a crash, right on top of Snarlie's cage.



“Oh my goodness!” cried the big, striped tiger, and he was so frightened that he jumped up against the bars, which shook and rattled.

“Crash!” went the pole, and it broke right through the roof of Snarlie’s cage, and burst out one of the sides.

Snarlie felt a sharp pain in one paw, as though a jungle thorn had pricked it. Then he felt a blow on his back. He saw a big hole in the side of his cage, and, fearing he would be hurt worse if he stayed where he was, he jumped out.

The wind was howling, the tent was slowly falling, poles were toppling over, the elephants were trumpeting, the camels snarling and the circus men were yelling. Oh, such a time as there was!

Then some one, seeing Snarlie leap out of his cage, cried:

“Oh, the big tiger is loose! The big tiger is loose! Look out!”

But Snarlie would harm no one. He tried to walk across to where Umboo and the other elephants were standing, but his foot hurt him so



when he stepped on it that he could only hop on three legs.

“ Oh, I wonder what has happened to me? ” thought Snarlie. “ How my paw pains! ”

Then, all of a sudden, the whole tent came tumbling down on the animals, cages and all.



## CHAPTER XV

### SNARLIE IS HAPPY

JUST what happened, and all that happened, after the wind blew down the circus tent, Snarlie could not see, for he was out of the cage, under the heavy canvas. But the tiger could hear the shouts of men, the roars, whines and snarls of the animals. The trumpeting of the elephants was like horns blowing. Then Snarlie heard the voice of Umboo.

“Is any one hurt?” the big elephant asked.

“Yes, I am,” Snarlie answered. “My foot hurts me so much that I can only walk on three legs.”

“Well, hop over here by me,” invited Umboo. “I am holding up the tent off Humpo, the camel, and here is room for you beside him.”

So Snarlie went over where Umboo stood, and lay down in the hay, beside the elephant.



Outside the fallen tent the wind was blowing, and the rain was pattering down. Snarlie's cage was the only one that was broken, and he was the only caged animal to get loose. And to Snarlie, it seemed good and all right to be outside his cage, since he had never lived in one while he was with Princess Toto.

After a while the circus men lifted the tent up again, putting a new pole in place of the broken one, and then they came around to see about the animals.

"Where is Snarlie?" asked Trainer Frank. "Some one said he was out of his wagon."

"He is," answered a man. "I saw the broken tent pole fall on his cage and smash it. The tiger jumped out."

"I hope Snarlie is not hurt," said Frank. "I must find him."

"Here he is," spoke another man. "Lying down by the elephants. Look!"

And there they found Snarlie. The big, striped tiger did not try to run away when he saw Frank and the other men coming toward him. Some tigers would have done this, but



Snarlie made up his mind to show the men that he was tame, and could be trusted outside his cage.

“Come, Snarlie. Come with me, and I’ll put you in a new cage,” said Frank kindly, as he took hold of the collar around Snarlie’s neck, though there was now no chain fast to it.

As Frank led Snarlie over toward an empty cage that had not been smashed by the falling tent, the trainer saw the tiger limping on only three feet.

“Why, Snarlie must be hurt!” he cried. “Maybe his paw is broken. Oh, that’s too bad! Poor Snarlie!”

And Snarlie’s leg, just above the paw, was broken. One of the circus men who knew how to doctor the sick animals, felt of Snarlie’s paw. It hurt very much to have it handled, but Snarlie lay quiet.

“Yes, it is broken,” said the man. “It must be bound up until the broken bone is mended, and Snarlie can do no more tricks for some time.”



“I’ll be sorry for that,” said Frank. “He may forget all he has been taught.”

So Snarlie’s paw and leg were bound up in splints of wood and long strips of cloth bandages. After that the tiger felt better, though he still had much pain. He lay in his new cage, and drank a little water.

The storm had passed, and after the circus had given a performance that night it moved on to the next city. And now began an unhappy time for Snarlie. The striped tiger could do none of his tricks, and as Frank had to train another animal he did not come so often to see Snarlie. None of the other men stopped at the tiger’s cage to speak to him, or pat him, and, though Snarlie could talk to the other circus animals, still the jungle beast became very lonesome.

More than ever he wished himself back in his big forest of India. He had all the meat he wanted to eat, and water to drink, but it was not much fun to go about on three legs, holding the broken paw up in the air, as your dog might do when he has hurt his foot. Snarlie could not get



up on his pedestal, nor jump on the big, wooden ball.

After a while Snarlie was really ill. He did not feel like eating, and when he tried to put his broken paw to the ground it gave him such a pain that he wanted to bite the bars of his cage.

“Oh, if only I could go back to my jungle, and see Princess Toto or Singa Dhu again,” he thought to himself. “Then I would be happy.” Snarlie was very unhappy now.

“I don’t know what is the matter of that tiger,” said a circus man one day. “He won’t eat, and he just lies in the corner of his cage, looking out. I’m afraid he’ll die of homesickness.”

“Oh, he may be all right when his paw gets well so he can do his tricks again,” said another man. “Let him alone.”

So they let Snarlie alone, and he grew more and more lonesome, and homesick, day by day, as the circus moved on. The other animals tried to cheer up Snarlie, but he was very sad.

As he lay in his cage one day, looking at the crowds of people passing through the tent in



front of him, Snarlie suddenly saw a dark-faced man looking in at him, and he heard a voice that seemed to come to him from the far-off jungle. And the voice spoke in a language that was not like that of the circus men. It was the talk of Princess Toto.

“Ho, little tiger!” said the soft voice of the dark man. “Ho, pretty one, I think I know you. Are you not Snarlie, the beautifully-striped tiger whom I caught in the jungle, long time ago, and took to the little princess? You look like Snarlie. Never a tiger, save he, had such a funny stripe across his face. And if you are Snarlie you ought to remember me, for I am Singa Dhu!”

Snarlie gave a joyful growl, and sprang to the bars of his cage. Men and women screamed, for they were afraid Snarlie was going to get out. But he was not. He just wanted to get as close as he could to the dark man who was talking jungle-language; the language Snarlie loved to hear.

“Snarlie! Snarlie!” called the man. “Do you not remember Singa Dhu? I came from far











across the sea, to this new land. I came to see what sort of wild-animal shows they have in this new country, and behold, I see you. Yes, you are surely Snarlie! You are Snarlie, whom I caught in the jungle and sold to Princess Toto!"

Snarlie was happy now, for he had found his old friend, whom he had known in the jungle. The tiger put his paw out between the bars of his cage. Singa Dhu reached forth his hand to stroke it.

"Don't do that!" cried a circus man. "That tiger is cross now, and he may scratch you."

"He will not scratch me," said Singa Dhu. "He knows me. Years ago I caught him in the jungle and tamed him. Then I sold him to the king, for Princess Toto. Snarlie and I are friends. See!"

And so they were, for Snarlie purred happily, close against the bars of his cage, as close as he could come to Singa Dhu. It was almost as good as being back in the jungle to have Singa Dhu near him.

"If I had this tiger out of his cage he would walk all around with me, when he gets well,"



said the Indian. "I am going to ask the circus to let me do it. I would like to be with Snarlie again, teaching him his tricks once more."

That day Singa Dhu went to the man who owned the circus, and told about Snarlie. Singa Dhu said he would like to travel with the show, and be the tiger's keeper, making him do tricks, as he had done before.

"And I will teach him many new ones," said Singa Dhu.

"All right," spoke the circus man. "You may try."

That night Singa Dhu went in Snarlie's cage. The Indian took off the bandages, and put on fresh ones, covered with something that made the pain in the swollen paw feel better.

"It is so we do in the jungle," said Singa Dhu. In a few days Snarlie's paw was much better, and he could step on it lightly. And from then on he grew well quickly. Oh! how glad he was to see Singa Dhu. Though he had liked his trainers, Tom and Frank, he liked the jungle man much better. For Singa Dhu could talk of the great trees, the tangled vines in which



monkeys swung, and of the water hole where the wild animals came to drink in the moonlight.

And so, just as before, the jungle man became Snarlie's trainer and keeper. Singa Dhu traveled with the circus from place to place, teaching the tiger new tricks, and the two were together most of the time. Many people came to see Snarlie and his new friend, or, rather, his old one, who had known him in the jungle, for Singa Dhu told how he had trapped Snarlie.

"And now you are happy again; are you not, Snarlie?" asked Humpo one day.

"Yes, I am happy. I do not want to go back to the jungle now, for, with Singa Dhu I am let come out of my cage to do my tricks in the circus ring. It is almost as good as being back in the cave. I will always be happy now."

"And now it is time for Woo-Uff to tell his story," said Umboo. "Tell us what happened to you, big lion, before you came to this circus. Tell us your story."

"I will," promised the big creature. And in a book to follow this, called, "Woo-Uff; the



Lion," you may read all about the adventures he had in the jungle, and on the sandy desert.

"Ah, Snarlie," asked Singa Dhu one night, as the circus tents were taken down for the trip to the next city, "Do you remember little Princess Toto?"

Snarlie could not answer, for he was sound asleep, but he had not forgotten the little Indian girl, with whom he used to play ball at the fountain in the palace courtyard.

And Snarlie lived many years with the circus, and he was happy because Singa Dhu was kind to him.

THE END



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## JACKIE AND PEETIE BOW WOW

"Come on, Jackie!" called Peetie Bow Wow, the boy doggie, one morning. "Come on!"

"Where are you going?" asked Jackie of Peetie.

"Let's run off and join the circus," suggested Peetie, as he tried to stand up on the end of his tail and turn a somersault. "We can earn a lot of money."

"How?" asked Jackie, scratching his nose with his ear.

"Why, we can make money by doing tricks in the circus," went on Peetie. "We can jump over the backs of elephants, climb up to the top of the tent, and do lots of things like that. A circus is fun!"

You have read how Daddy Blake took Hal and Mab to the circus, and you will like to read about Jackie and Peetie. They are in a book called "Bedtime Stories: Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow," by Howard R. Garis, who also wrote the Daddy books.

Send to R. F. Fenno & Company, 18 East 17th Street, New York City, and they will mail the book on receipt of price, if you can not get it in your book store. The book has colored pictures.



## UNCLE WIGGILY'S FORTUNE

"Oh, dear!" cried Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, as he got to the top of a big hill and looked down. "Oh, dear!"

"Why, what has happened?" asked Sammie Littletail, the boy rabbit, hopping up.

"Why, I have traveled all over, just as Dr. Possum told me to," replied Uncle Wiggily, "and I have not yet found my fortune. It is very sad!"

"Sad!" cried Sammie. "Not a bit of it! I know where your fortune is. You are the richest rabbit in the whole world!"

"My goodness me, sakes alive, and some ice cream radishes!" Uncle Wiggily exclaimed.

And then Sammie showed the rabbit gentleman his fortune. You may read all about how he found it in the book entitled "Bedtime Stories: Uncle Wiggily's Fortune." And you should see the colored pictures Mr. Wisa made for it!

Howard R. Garis, who wrote the Daddy books, wrote this one about Uncle Wiggily. R. F. Fenno & Company, of 18 East 17th Street, New York City, publish it. They will send it to you if your own store does not have it. Write and ask them.



## UNCLE WIGGILY'S ADVENTURES

"Ouch! Oh, my goodness me, sakes alive, and a basket of soap-bubbles!" cried Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, as he hopped along the grass one day.

"Why, whatever is the trouble?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, who kept house for Uncle Wiggily. "What happened?"

"Oh, my rheumatism hurts me very much," answered the rabbit gentleman, as he limped along on his red, white and blue striped barber-pole crutch. "I wonder how I may be cured?"

"I can cure you!" cried Dr. Possum, who made powders and pills to cure sick animals.

You may read all about Uncle Wiggily, and of how Dr. Possum sent the old rabbit gentleman away on a funny journey, in the book called "Bedtime Stories: Uncle Wiggily's Adventures." It has eight lovely colored pictures in it.

Howard R. Garis, who wrote the Daddy book you have just read, also wrote about Uncle Wiggily. Try to get the stories about him from your book store. If you can not, send to the publishers, R. F. Fenno & Company, 18 East 17th Street, New York City, who will mail the book on receipt of price, and also a postcard.



## DADDY TAKES US TO THE CIRCUS

"Oh, Mab!" cried Hal Blake, as he came running into the house one morning. "Daddy is going to take us to the circus!"

"Are you, Daddy?" asked the little girl.

"Yes," said Mr. Blake. "Here are the tickets."

"Oh, what fun we'll have!" shouted Hal.

"Won't we!" added his sister.

How Daddy Blake took the children to the show in the big tent, and how Hal and Mab went to sleep in one of the red wagons, and were carried off—all that you may read in the book called "Daddy Takes Us to the Circus." It is written by Howard R. Garis, who also wrote the Bedtime book you have just read. It contains fine pictures, and has a decorated cover. You read, and liked, the Bedtimes, so surely you will like the Daddy books.

If your dealer does not keep them, please send to the publishers, R. F. Fenno & Company, 18 East 17th Street, New York City, who will forward any volume on receipt of price.

Daddy Blake, on his trips with Hal and Mab, told them things about nature and outdoor life.



## LULU, ALICE AND JIMMIE WIBBLEWOBBLE

"Quack! Quack!" cried Lulu Wibblewobble, the girl duck, when she was out paddling in the pond one morning. "Quack! Quack!"

"Why, what has happened?" asked her sister Alice, as she tied her watercress-green hair ribbon in a double bow.

"Oh, I am stuck in the mud!" cried poor Lulu.

"Oh, my! Corn meal cakes, with snail sauce on them!" shouted Jimmie Wibblewobble, the boy duck. "We shall have to get Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, to pull you out."

You may read the rest of this story in the book called "Lulu, Alice and Jimmie Wibblewobble." It is one of the Bedtime Stories, written by Howard R. Garis, who also wrote the Daddy book you have just read.

There are thirty-one duck stories in the book, and eight finely colored pictures by Louis Wisa. If you can not get this volume at your book store, send to the publishers, R. F. Fenno & Company, 18 East 17th Street, New York City, who will mail it on receipt of price, and also send you a beautiful poster.



## DADDY TAKES US SKATING

"Oh, look! Poor Roly-Poly has gone through the ice!" cried Mab Blake.

"Oh, Daddy can't we get him out?" begged her brother Hal.

"I'll try," said Mr. Blake, but it was too late. Roly-Poly, the little white poodle dog, disappeared. That means you could not see him any more. He was under the ice.

But, later on, Roly was found in a most wonderful way. You may read all about it in a book called "Daddy Takes Us Skating." Howard R. Garis, who wrote the Bedtime books, also wrote about Daddy, Hal and Mab. The books will charm little tots, and also be of value to them, for Mr. Blake instructed his children when he took them on outings—he told them about nature and the great outdoors—how to camp, fish, and so on.

If your book store does not have these volumes, you can get them from the publishers, R. F. Fenno & Company, 18 East 17th Street, New York, who will mail them on receipt of price. The books are well illustrated.



## SAMMIE AND SUSIE LITTLETAIL

"Oh, Susie!" cried Sammie Littletail, the boy rabbit, one day, when he and his sister were hopping along in the woods. "Oh, Susie, something has caught me by the leg!"

"Why, Sammie! You are fast in a trap!" exclaimed Susie, the girl rabbit. "Oh, dear! How will you ever get out?"

"I don't know," answered Sammie, sadly.

"Well, I know," spoke Susie, bravely. "I will go get Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, to help you out of the trap."

Getting into a trap, and out of it again, is only one of the thirty-one adventures in the book called "Bedtime Stories: Sammie and Susie Littletail."

You have read of Daddy Blake, and of Hal and Mab, his little boy and girl, and Howard R. Garis, who wrote about them, also wrote the Bedtime books. You can get them at your book store, or from the publishers, R. F. Fenno & Company, 18 East 17th Street, New York City. Send for a catalog.



## DADDY TAKES US COASTING

"Oh, Daddy! You are always taking us somewhere!" exclaimed Hal, one day when his father came home from the office, and said they were going on another trip.

"Where is it to be this time?" asked Mab, who was Hal's sister.

"I think I'll take you coasting," said Daddy Blake. "I have taught you how to skate, and you will want to learn to coast. We'll go out to Grandpa's and stay over Christmas. There is plenty of snow there for sleigh-riding."

Daddy Blake and the children did go coasting out at Grandpa's, and what good times they had! There was a Christmas tree, and on it a puppy cake for Roly-Poly, the little white poodle dog.

In the book called "Daddy Takes Us Coasting," by Howard R. Garis, who also wrote the Bedtime books, you may read all that Hal and Mab did. You liked the Bedtimes, and you will, we are sure, like the Daddy volumes. They are finely illustrated.

If your book store does not sell them, please send to the publishers, R. F. Fenno & Company, 18 East 17th Street, New York City. They will be glad to mail the book to you.



## JOHNNIE AND BILLIE BUSHYTAIL

"Come, boys!" chattered Mrs. Bushytail, the lady squirrel, one morning. "You must now have a lesson, and learn how to jump."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Papa Bushytail. "Squirrel boys must know how to jump out of tall trees, as well as to crack nuts."

"Oh, but I am afraid!" cried Billie, the boy squirrel. "I am afraid to jump."

"And so am I," added his brother Johnnie.

"But you both must learn how to jump!" went on Mamma Bushytail, as she nibbled at a nut sandwich.

You have read of Daddy Blake, and Hal and Mab, and you will be glad to learn how Johnnie and Billie Bushytail learned to jump, and do many other things that squirrels should do.

Go to your own book store, and get the volume called "Bedtime Stories: Johnnie and Billie Bushytail." It was written by Howard R. Garis, who wrote the Daddy books. If your store does not have Johnnie and Billie, and the colored pictures, send to the publishers, R. F. Fenno & Company, 18 East 17th Street, New York City, who will send the book on receipt of price, and also a fine poster.



## DADDY TAKES US CAMPING

"Oh, Hal!" cried Mabel Blake, as she ran down the garden walk. "Guess what's going to happen."

"I don't know," answered Hal, who was making a kite. "What?"

"Daddy is going to take us camping!" went on Mab.

"Oh, joy!" cried Hal.

Camping in the woods, living in a tent, and having many wonderful adventures, are only a few things Hal, Mab and their father did. You liked to read the Bedtime Stories, and you will like these new books by the same author, Howard R. Garis.

Send to your book store, and get the volume "Daddy Takes Us Camping." The book tells of nature, outdoor life and animals in a way children like.

R. F. Fenno & Company, of 18 East 17th Street, New York City, publish the Daddy books, of which there are several. They will mail any volume on receipt of price, if your store does not have it. The books are prettily gotten up, with pictures.



## UNCLE WIGGILY'S TRAVELS

"Well, there is no use talking!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, one morning. "I shall never find my fortune—never!"

"Oh, yes, you will!" cried the red squirrel, as he combed out his bushy tail with a chestnut burr. "I would not be surprised, Mr. Longears, if you found your fortune to-morrow or next day."

"Do you really think so?" asked Uncle Wiggily happily, as he made his nose twinkle like a star on a frosty night in June.

"I do," answered the red squirrel.

"Well, then I'll travel farther on," decided the rabbit gentleman.

And he did keep on his journey. You may read all about it in a book called "Bedtime Stories: Uncle Wiggily's Travels." It has in it fine colored pictures by Louis Wisa. R. F. Fenno & Company, of 18 East 17th Street, New York City, publish the volume, and Howard R. Garis wrote the stories. He also wrote the Daddy books you have just read. If you can not get the Bedtime Books at your store, send to the publishers. You may also have a pretty poster in colors.



## DADDY TAKES US FISHING

"Oh, what a funny fish!" cried Mab Blake, down at the shore cottage where they were spending the summer.

"That isn't a fish—it's a crab," said Hal, her brother.

"Oh, yes, and see! The crab has pinched Roly-Poly, our dog. Hear him howl!" shouted Mab. But Roly-Poly, the little white poodle dog, was not pinched by the crab, I am glad to say. Roly just howled and barked because he was so surprised.

This was only one of the things that happened when Daddy Blake took Hal and Mab fishing. If you liked this Bedtime book, and we think you did, you will like the Daddy books, by the same author, Howard R. Garis. Get the one called "Daddy Takes Us Fishing," from your dealer, or, if he does not have it, send to the publishers, R. F. Fenno & Company, 18 East 17th Street, New York City, who will mail it on receipt of price, and also a catalog.

The Daddy books contain something of value to children in the way of nature lore, and outdoor life, told in a way the little ones enjoy.



## BUDDY AND BRIGHTYES PIGG

Did you ever roll down hill inside a cabbage?

No, I don't believe you ever have, but Buddy, the little guinea pig boy, once did. He was out walking one day, and he found a big cabbage by the roadside. First he took a nibble, and then he took a bite, and soon he had eaten his way inside the cabbage.

"Ha!" cried Buddy Pigg. "This is very fine, indeed! I will take some cabbage home to my sister Brighteyes."

So he went to sleep inside the cabbage, and then it rolled down hill, and then——

But you must get the book called "Bedtime Stories: Buddy and Brightyes Pigg," to read the rest of the story. There are thirty others in the book, which is published by R. F. Fenno & Company, 18 East 17th Street, New York City, who will send it to you if your store does not have it.

Howard R. Garis, who wrote the Daddy books, also wrote the one about the guinea pigs, and you will surely like them. With the book comes a prettily colored poster of Buddy and Brightyes, that you can hang in your room.



## NEDDIE AND BECKIE STUBTAIL.

Once upon a time, not so very many years ago, there were two cute little bear cubs—a boy and a girl. They were named Neddie and Beckie.

“Come on, let’s go out for a walk in the woods,” said Neddie to Beckie one day.

“All right,” she answered, “and maybe something will happen.”

Something did. They met a man, with a trained bear who could do tricks, and Neddie and Beckie ran away from their own cave-home, and traveled with this man, learning many things.

Now that you have finished reading the Daddy books, send and get the volume called “Bed-time Stories: Neddie and Beckie Stubtail.” It is by Howard R. Garis, who wrote the Bedtimes, and R. F. Fenno & Company, of 18 East 17th Street, New York City, are the publishers. They will mail it on receipt of price, if your own store does not have it.

You will like to read about the bears, and see the pretty colored pictures in the book.



## UNCLE WIGGILY'S AUTOMOBILE

"Well, where are you going to-day?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, of Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, for whom she kept house.

"I am going out for a ride in my automobile," replied Mr. Longears, "and perhaps I may have an adventure."

He did have one, and it was about a pumpkin Jack-o'-lantern. You may see a picture of him in his automobile, with a cow's horn, a turnip steering wheel and German bologna sausage tires, in the book called "Bedtime Stories: Uncle Wiggily's Automobile."

Howard R. Garis, who wrote the Daddy book you have just read, also wrote about Uncle Wiggily's automobile. You will surely like it. If your book store does not keep it, send to the publishers, R. F. Fenno & Company, 18 East 17th Street, New York City, who will send you a nice catalog, and a pretty post card.

Uncle Wiggily Longears was a very funny rabbit.















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